Chronicles

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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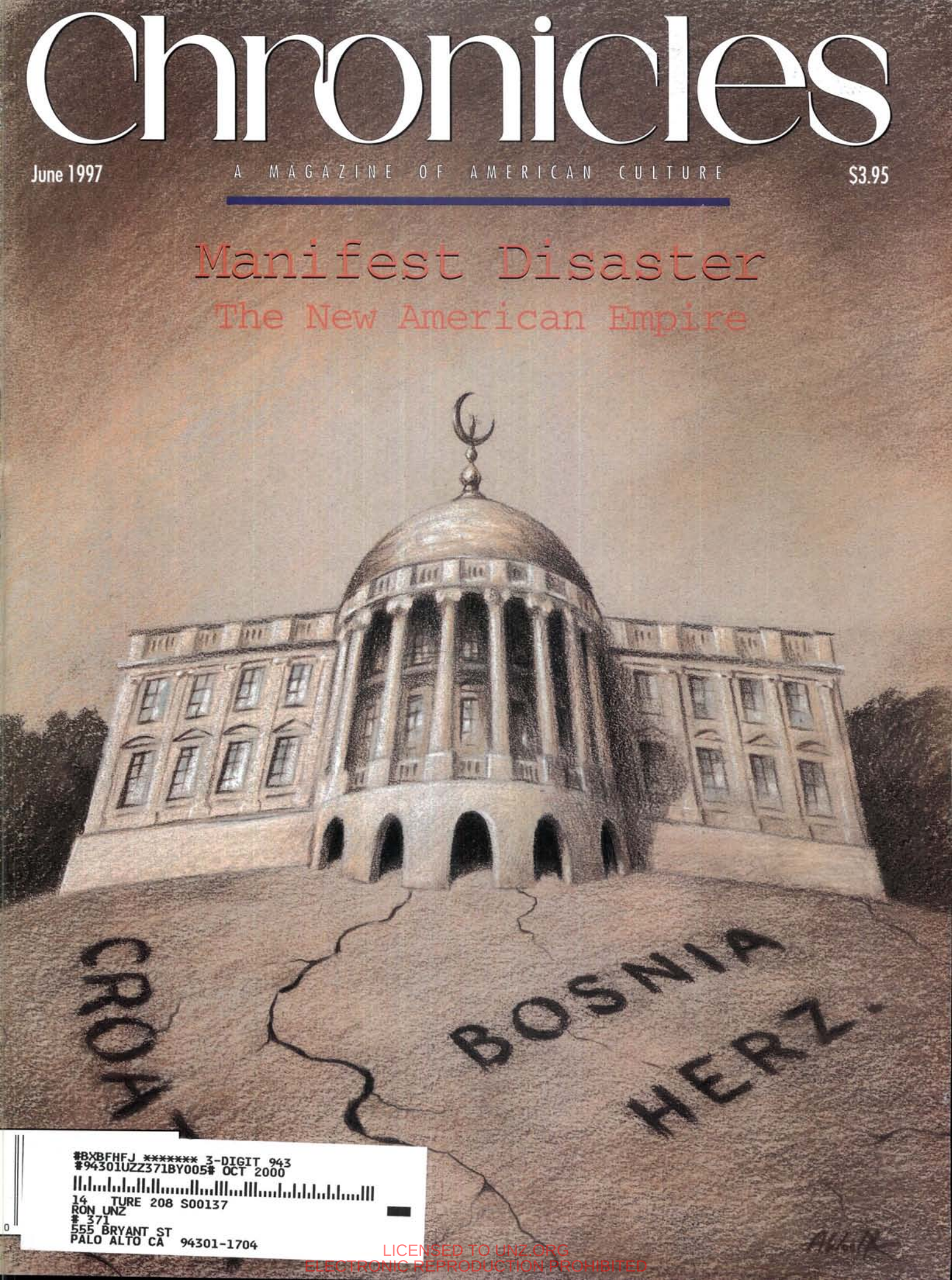

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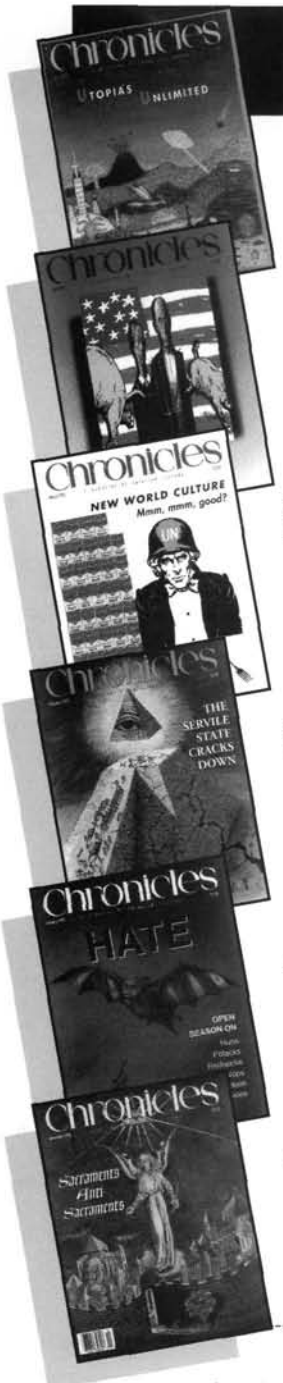

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On Judicial Tyranny

"First Things Last" (March 1997) evinces the sharp analysis and pungent criticism we have come to expect from Samuel Francis. However, I disagree with him on one point. Francis contends that the controversial "laws" made by the Supreme Court are merely "permissive" in nature. Thus, unlike Sir Thomas More, who was commanded to sign an oath he regarded as untrue and morally repugnant, American citizens today are not commanded to have abortions, or perform euthanasia. This is true, but irrelevant to the problem at hand. Judicial sentences regarding constitutional law do not directly command or prevent anyone from doing anything. Rather, constitutional law consists of rules which govern the making of further rules, and therefore constitutional law binds people only in their public capacity, insofar as they make, administrate, and enforce laws. In order to appreciate the alarm sounded by the *First Things* symposium, we need to see how a constitutional "law" can impair the ability of the people to remedy an injustice through the political process. This is not merely a "permission" to an individual (to have an abortion, to order a physician to kill him, to enjoy a public square free of religious messages); it is a restriction on the ability of the people to make or change laws that are necessary for the common good, and such restrictions become part of the social contract. When these same restrictions are made *ultra vires*, without authority, they usurp what is "common"—not mere permissions to individuals. So, the *First Things* symposium does not just allege that the Supreme Court makes "laws" permitting immoral behavior, but that the social contract is being steadily eroded to the injury of all citizens.

Recall Jefferson's brief against the Crown: "He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. . . . He has forbidden his Governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance. . . . For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever. . . . He has abdicated Government here." As a son of the South, Samuel Francis surely understands that Jefferson's case did not rest on the lone individual exercising his private conscience against allegedly wicked laws. Rather, Jefferson complains about royal decrees which impair the ability of the people to be political: that is, to deliberate in public assemblies, and to frame laws conducive to their common well-being. There is not the slightest hint of a "subjective" private complaint from individual moral conscience.

So, too, the *First Things* symposium urgently raises the problem of a Court that gradually, but persistently, changes constitutional rules to favor the permissive liberty of individuals against the political liberty of the people. Should this tendency go unchecked, the problem of obedience is irrepressible. One cannot tender political obedience to a principle that destroys the very conditions of political order. The *First Things* symposium did not advocate private judgment about the "higher law" as a remedy to the Court's usurpations. While we can be criticized for failing to develop concrete solutions, the symposium was not intended to grind the mills of Beltway policy. Our chief point is that the devolution of the social contract will force individuals to consult their private conscience in lieu of proper constitutional order. That is precisely the result we are trying to prevent.

Samuel Francis accuses certain neoconservatives of being amoral servants of the status quo. It would be very unfortunate if his own polemic falls into the trap of regarding every criticism of authority as nothing more nor less than an exercise of private conscience. If that is true, then I cannot see any substantive difference between Mr. Francis's position and the one he attributes to some neoconservatives. The conservative should not have to choose between paleo- and neo-Hobbesianisms.

—Russell Hittinger
Warren Professor of Catholic Studies
Research Professor of Law
University of Tulsa
Tulsa, OK

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Dr. Francis Replies:

I remarked in my article that Dr. Hittinger's contribution to the *First Things* symposium was the most closely reasoned part of it, and his letter is equally well argued. Indeed, I have no disagreement with much of it. I raised the issue of "compulsive" as opposed to "permissive" laws in the context of passive resistance or civil disobedience, concepts that simply cannot apply to laws that are merely permissive. One can passively resist or civilly disobey a law only if the law is compulsive and commands the subject to take some action. Civil disobedience consists simply in declining to obey the command. To resist a permissive law, one must undertake some action against the law-making power itself. A permissive law still can be illegitimate and is illegitimate if enacted in a way that violates the legitimate (constitutional) procedures for making laws; but to invoke extralegal means as a remedy for illegitimate permissive laws opens the door to what historically has been an ever-escalating staircase of antisocial action and increasingly subjective and fantastic grounds for climbing it.

I will pass over Dr. Hittinger's argument that court rulings are illegitimate if they restrict "the ability of the people to make or change laws that are necessary for the common good." Such rulings may be bad things, but the test of legitimacy in the American political order is the constitutionality of the law, not its goodness or badness, and restricting the ability of the people to make or change laws in itself is not necessarily unconstitutional or illegitimate. Indeed, for all the latitude left to the states and the people in the Constitution, there are some restrictions on their powers in the original constitutional text, and there should be such restrictions. The issue today is whether recent court rulings are consistent with or violate the Constitution.

Dr. Hittinger's appeal to Jefferson strikes me as irrelevant, since, one, Jefferson was speaking for a collective entity (the Continental Congress, the American people) and not merely for his own subjective impulses on the subject; two, Jefferson spends two paragraphs explaining that the Americans have exhausted all peaceful and legal means of redress against the British abuses to no avail and that therefore political separation, enforced with arms, is the only recourse that remains to them; and three, the abuses to which he was objecting were violations of long-standing and well-known political norms and customs, not merely of what a handful of eccentrics have this week discovered to be the higher moral laws of the universe.

I do not for a moment place Dr. Hittinger in the latter category, but his colleagues' reliance on what can only be called "higher law" is an invitation to those who do belong in that category. I simply cannot grasp how Dr. Hittinger can claim with a straight face that the symposium "did not advocate private judgment about the 'higher law.'" Again and again in the symposium the point is made that recent rulings on abortion, homosexuality, and euthanasia violate natural or divine law. That may be, but unless such law is clearly codified and institutionalized, it can be known only through "private judgment." The whole point of a constitution and laws made pursuant to it is to avoid forcing recourse to such judgments. Again, the point is not what churches have taught or philosophers have thought but what the Constitution permits. The rulings in question (as well as many, many others) are illegitimate because they violate long-standing and well-known constitutional rules, not because they violate laws higher than the Constitution, of which our Constitution knows nothing.

In addition to their illegitimacy, they also are bad "laws"—because they destroy local arrangements long held to be necessary and useful to the preservation of order in particular communities, because they permit crime and disorder to flourish, and for many other reasons. Even if they were legitimately enacted, the evil they do would justify concerted efforts to change them.

I hardly see how my criticism of the symposium "falls into the trap of regarding every criticism of authority as nothing more than an exercise of private conscience." I stated in my column that "The courts have been abusing the Constitution and handing down illicit commands to states and localities for at least 50 years," that "we have had nothing but an illegitimate regime in the United States for the last 50 years," a regime that is not only illegitimate in its violations of known constitutional restrictions and law but is actually tyrannical in its systematic attack on cultural norms and institutions. The question is not whether authority should be resisted or criticized but the best way to do it.

It might be exciting to call for "civil disobedience" to an "illegitimate regime," but that accomplishes nothing. My point is that even today there remain many avenues of legal, peaceful, and democratic (though nevertheless radical) resistance and change that most conservatives have not even begun to pursue—mainly through effective mobilization of increasing popular alienation from the "regime."

Conservatives do not pursue these avenues because they involve hard work, sometimes unpleasant associates, patience, and a willingness to do, say, and think unfashionable things that might lose you your job, your respectability, and your access to the rewards offered by the very system you claim to want to overthrow. The neoconservatives who attacked Father Neuhaus and his colleagues are perfectly comfortable within that system, have no inclination to change it, and constitute its guardians against those who do seek change. Father Neuhaus and his colleagues have now arrived at the point that they see at least some flaws of the system but not, I suspect, at the point that they are willing to jeopardize the rewards the system offers them. Sooner or later the best of them will reach that point too. When they do, they may give me a call.

On Hispanic Immigrants

If California Congressman Bob Dornan's defeat by Loretta Sanchez, the tool of Hispanic activists (Cultural Revolutions, February 1997), was not enough to convince our congressional representatives that white Americans are being sacrificed at the altar of "diversity," they should read a recent editorial published in the *Los Angeles Times*. Under the caption "Power Will Have a New Face in 1997-98 Legislative Session," the article informed readers that the balance of power in the California state assembly shifted dramatically thanks to the election of many Latinos and blacks, who have left white males in charge of barely a third of standing committees. The editorial added: "It's uncertain what these changes will mean for the 1997-98 session."

I, for one, do not see anything uncertain about the future of a country whose

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elected officials represent citizens like those quoted in the *Los Angeles Times* in May 1995: "Citizenship in the United States helps us [Hispanics] to have the culture of one country and participate [vote] in the other's society. I for one will never stop being a Mexican." "My father is Mexican and my mother Salvadoran. . . . Both are U.S. citizens but *I* don't consider myself a patriot." Evidently he's not the only one, because according to the head of the Advisory Committee on Veterans and Military Affairs, a body that advises the mayor of Los Angeles, "If the United States were to go to war with Mexico, it would feel like fighting a civil war to me."

Our voting laws allow such people to overthrow our government without firing a shot. With American citizens like these, the only thing uncertain is how much longer loyal Americans will have a country that isn't a facsimile of every Third World hell on the planet.

—Ruth Coffey, President
Stop Immigration Now
Long Beach, CA

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

ALBANIA has descended into the Hobbesian state of utter anarchy, which seldom happens to a European country. Armed mobs have ransacked stores, unruly soldiers have stolen cars at gunpoint, foreign nationals have been evacuated by helicopter from embassy compounds, and rebels have stolen some 100,000 light arms from government arsenals. The sinking in March of an Albanian boat full of refugees (which many Albanians believe Italy sunk on purpose) has only heightened tensions, convincing many European authorities to rethink the prudence of dispatching troops to the area as part of an international peacekeeping brigade.

Tiny Albania's implosion was sparked by the collapse of pyramid savings schemes, which left hundreds of thousands of people literally destitute in Europe's poorest country. The spark hit the tinderbox of bitter, albeit ill-articulated, grievances; it bared the angst of a traditional society which has been brutalized over the past six decades by imported and imposed ideologies—initially by Italian fascism, then by a long spell of Stalinism, and finally, for the past five years, by the robber-baron brand of "democratic capitalism."

What does the melancholy story of this faraway country, of which we know little, matter to us? One could bewail the inability of traditional communities to survive the encounter with "progress," in Albania no less than in the Highlands, in the Vendée, or in Appalachia. One could dwell on the fragility of order in human affairs, and the potential for anarchy that may be lurking even in our midst, beneath the veneer of constitutionalism and legality. But some Americans may also find it instructive to examine the contribution their own government has made to the unhappy outcome of Albania's encounter with "democracy" and "free enterprise."

When Albania emerged from almost a half-century of Stalinist isolation in 1991, the United States took a sudden interest in its fortunes. At that time neighboring Yugoslavia was sliding into violent disintegration, and the Bush administration saw Albania as a potential foothold in the Balkans. But in order to become useful, Albania first had to be "stabilized," and made friendly to American interests. The search was on for the Albanian Václav Havel. After a few false starts, an ostensibly credible substitute was found in the person of a little-known surgeon and former middle-ranking communist, Sali Berisha, whose Democratic Party adopted all the right slogans of Democracy, Human Rights, and Free Enterprise.

Within months, as the first postcommunist presidential election was approaching, the American embassy in Tirana actively promoted Berisha's candidacy. The rest, as they say, was history. "In those heady days of communist collapse, America's endorsement was worth a million votes," says Arben Puto, a history professor at the University of Tirana who had supported Berisha in the early days. According to a State Department insider, "We may have overstepped the bounds of diplomatic propriety, but hey—it's the Balkans, and it was well worth it!" Berisha's landslide victory in 1992 "cost us a mere eight million bucks."

For over four years, until the collapse of pyramid-style investment funds (which many Albanians suspect were encouraged by Berisha's entourage who were given a piece of action by the "entrepreneurs"), there was hardly any criticism of his rule. Even now some experts are loath to admit that Berisha is just another "postcommunist" demagogue who uses communist methods in pursuit of greater personal power. Writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, for example, one Mark Almond—known to Balkans aficionados as the British author of fascinatingly fact-free pamphlets on the war in former Yugoslavia—claimed that Western correspondents critical of Berisha have been duped by the insurgents, who form "an alliance of communists and mafiosi."

Absent from such analysis is the fact that Berisha inherited the notorious communist secret police in 1992, changed its name from *Sigurimi* to *Shik*, and let its unpurged personnel carry on their grisly business as usual. Berisha's apologists also overlook his government's aggressive campaign against the few remaining independent newspapers and magazines in late 1995. (As for the electronic media, no such campaign was necessary: they had remained the organs of the ruling party, despite Berisha's promises to allow private radio and television stations.)

The new climate of fear, reminiscent of the heyday of the late communist dictator Enver Hoxha, culminated a year ago. In May 1996, Berisha staged a general election which was spectacularly fraudulent in conduct as well as outcome. According to the official count, his Democratic Party gained 110 parliamentary seats from a possible total of 115. This ratio, one feels, would have been acceptable even to Hoxha.

These and other objections to Berisha's style and substance were routinely rejected in Washington in the name of "stability." Berisha was to be forgiven for his dictatorial trespasses for as long as he towed the line—which included letting America use Albania's airfields to send spy planes over Bosnia and relinquishing control over its naval installations to NATO's Southern Command. Even after Berisha's sham elections a year ago, the United States cohosted NATO exercises inside Albania. The week-long war games, dubbed "Peaceful

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Eagle," were staged 50 miles east of Tirana, in a new training center which was developed under American guidance. A month later, in August 1996, the Albanian army sent the first batch of its soldiers for training to Camp Lejeune in North Carolina, while American marines exercised along Albania's Adriatic shore.

The cynic would say that there was nothing unusual in the government of the United States propping up a corrupt, dictatorial regime and offering it military assistance; but normally such regimes—in Kuwait, Indonesia, Turkey, or Pakistan—are to be found in strategically or economically important parts of the world. Albania is "strategically important" only if this administration has long-term designs in the Balkans, which remain unstated in public.

American policy in the Balkans has never been about the Balkans, any more than it has been about peace, justice, prosperity, and democracy. Albania was interesting in the early 1990's as a low-cost bridgehead in a region beset with animosities—some of which, as in Bosnia, have been additionally fanned by American interference. It was also interesting as an area where America's presence, once established, could stay immune to any future ups and downs in its relations with European allies.

An additional explanation for American policy in Albania is to be found in the broadly anti-Serb set of assumptions that have dominated Washington's strategy in the region for the past five years. Dame Rebecca West warned that foreigners seem unable to resist taking sides in the Balkans, and Clinton's foreign policy team has confirmed the adage with considerable gusto. Strong American support for Albanian ethnic separatists in the Serbian province of Kosovo may have been initially intended as a tool for curtailing Serb objectives in Bosnia, but it has developed into a bipartisan tenet that is no longer open to reexamination.

It is uncertain how long it will take for the State Department to grasp the futility of its present reliance on Balkan dictators, such as Berisha and Milošević, and their regional colleagues, Franjo Tudjman in Zagreb and Alija Izetbegović in Sarajevo. But come what may, Americans may rest assured that their embassy silver in Albania will be safe. In a cable to the American envoy in Tirana, Marisa Lino, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright reiterated "the State Department's policy for safeguarding of sterling silver flatware on the occasion of an evacuation" and instructed Ms. Lino to take the cutlery with her if the time comes to fold the flag. Good! At least *some* of the mistakes of Saigon and Phnom Penh will not be repeated.

—*Srdja Trifkovic*

PARTIAL BIRTH ABORTION—a procedure which its practitioners call D&E, dilatation and extraction—is once again the subject of congressional legislation that would ban the grisly act. President Clinton would appear to be in a bind with this bill, because he can hardly veto it a second time without appearing to be totally committed to feticide, or as Senator Daniel Moynihan called it, infanticide.

When Mr. Clinton vetoed the first ban last year, he produced a flurry of arguments to justify preserving this cruel procedure, chiefly the contention that it may be necessary to preserve the health and reproductive ability of the *gravida.* Additionally, it was alleged that the procedure is used only very rarely—scarcely 500 times per year, in the whole country, and then only in extreme cases, for situations very late in pregnancy (desperate ones, of course). Already, at the time of his veto, many eminent medical authorities, including former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, a stalwart supporter of the Clintons' abortive (if we may use this word in this connection) Health Security Plan, had denied that there is ever a medical necessity for such a technique. The American Medical Association and the American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology concurred with Dr. Koop. There were some rumbles from medical quarters about regulating "medical procedures" by law, but medical opinion almost unanimously condemns this particular procedure, which amounts to nothing less than killing a baby seconds—or inches—before it fully emerges into the world and can claim the protection of the law.

As the discussion grew more heated, and as it became evident that the new Congress would once again pass a ban omitting the "health of the mother" exception, pro-abortionists began to rally to defend the procedure, to provide covering fire for Mr. Clinton, should he again use the power of the veto to ensure the procedure's continuation. The *Chicago Tribune,* ardent in its defense of "the right to choose" (to "terminate," i.e., kill, the unborn, but of course *not* to smoke cigarettes), ran a front-page feature on one of the clinics offering the service in Illinois, a clinic suggestively called "Hope Center" and featuring banners proclaiming "Pro Choice-Pro Family." The *Tribune*'s article tried to turn what seemed a mortal blow to the procedure into an asset.

Ron Fitzsimmons, head of the National Coalition of Abortion Providers, who had previously testified to the rarity of the procedure and averred that it is only used in extreme cases, suddenly admitted that he had "lied in my teeth," because of his fear that the proposed ban might limit access to abortion generally. Even before Mr. Fitzsimmons recanted, the word was out that the procedure is performed much more often than 500 times a year, and used for many cases of purely elective (i.e., optional) abortions. One clinic in New Jersey alone reported performing 1,500 such abortions in one year. Walter Hern, M.D., a pioneer of the method, stated that 80 percent of his cases involved *healthy women* and *normal fetuses*, and were accordingly purely elective.

With these facts becoming common knowledge, pro-abortionists attempted to turn the situation to their advantage. With regard to the admitted gruesomeness of the operation, one New York abortionist pointed out that all major surgery—such as cancer operations—is gruesome. And as it became necessary to admit that the operation is performed frequently, on healthy women and normal fetuses, it was argued that it really is essential, as otherwise these women will be deprived of their "right to choose." Such "covering fire" may give Mr. Clinton the (im)moral support that will enable him once again to work the will of his friends, the extreme feminists. (It should be pointed out that not all feminists favor abortion, even if the ringleaders do.) If he does veto the new bill, however, he may do the abortion cause and his own standing more harm than good.

In the same issue of the *Tribune* that lauded "Hope Center," columnist Stephen Chapman exposed the inanity of the pro-abortionists' latest defense of D&E. The argument, "It's gruesome, but so is all surgery," overlooks the fact that other surgeries are performed for the benefit of the one who suffers the gruesomeness, while abortion destroys

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its victim. As Chapman comments, other forms of abortion are also pretty gruesome, and if partial birth abortions are too gruesome to tolerate, perhaps we need to take a more critical look at *all* abortions. If instead of being a rare procedure partial birth abortions are a common procedure, then perhaps this is less of a reason for permitting them than for regulating the others as well.

Paradoxically, if the procedure is banned, it may take some of the heat off the controversy: "See, there are some things nobody will stand for." But if the pro-abortionists get to keep this procedure, it may turn the public against abortion altogether. If the pro-abortionists (and President Clinton) are seen to stop at nothing, in order to have their total freedom, then the public may eventually recognize them for what they are, and write *finis* to this sad episode in American life. If the defenders of capital punishment insisted that it is proper to draw and quarter, or to burn at the stake, instead of resorting to the neat, painless, quasi-medical lethal injection, then it is likely that capital punishment would soon be abolished. By insisting that partial birth abortions are benevolent and necessary, the defenders of "abortion rights" may be dealing their cause a fatal blow. It would be justice.

—*Harold O.J. Brown*

HILLARY CLINTON'S visit to Africa in late March, which was billed as a "goodwill tour" to strengthen America's ties with developing nations, combined business with pleasure. In between meetings and photo-opportunities with African heads of state, Mrs. Clinton and her daughter Chelsea did a little taxpayer-funded sightseeing in the wilds of Uganda, Tanzania, and other poor countries. They seemed to enjoy playing Isak Dinesen—gazing at rhinos, greeting throngs of natives—before returning to the comfort and safety of the White House.

This tour was also a great publicity stunt for the First Lady, who had wisely kept a low profile while her husband sought reelection. During her visit to South Africa, Mrs. Clinton met and posed for a picture with Nelson Mandela, the great martyr to the cause of freedom who was selling photo-opportunities for $56,000 a shot. Mrs. Clinton also visited a shrine dedicated to the victims of the white regime before taking off for meetings with other heads of state, who are vying for a larger share of USAID funds.

When in South Africa, Mrs. Clinton sounded off on the problems of AIDS, illiteracy, and—her pet cause—the education of young girls, but kept silent about the continuing abuses of the provincial government in Kwazulu/Natal, whose leader has recently served as acting president of South Africa. The evils of the Afrikaner regime have, in the words of Macaulay, passed into a proverb, but according to the human rights group Africa Watch, Chief Buthelezi's ruling Inkatha Freedom Party is still murdering hundreds of political opponents every year.

Having expressed her solidarity with past victims of political violence, Mrs. Clinton visited Ugandan first lady Janet Museveni in Kampala, where the two posed smiling for the photographers. Mrs. Museveni, of course, is the wife of Yoweri Museveni, who according to Amnesty International has presided over torture and extrajudicial killings by National Resistance Army units and the widespread practice of *kandooya*, tying a captive's arms together above the elbows and behind the back, which results in excrutiating pain. (Yes, Uganda is a signatory to most of the major human rights treaties.)

During her visit to Senegal, Mrs. Clinton said nothing about the continuation of black slavery in sub-Saharan Africa (a subject covered by the *New York Times* just weeks before her visit), though she did praise the West for having emancipated the black man over a century ago. Nor did she mention Senegal's long-running war with ethnic separatists in the southern province of Casamance, which has resulted in the extrajudicial execution and torture of suspected rebels.

Unconcerned with the grave issues facing the region, Mrs. Clinton used her tour as an opportunity to do on a global scale what she has failed to achieve in domestic politics—to use Washington's massive power as a means to play God, reaching down from her Mount Olympus on Pennsylvania Avenue and imposing her whims on a backward people in need of enlightenment. According to a *Newsweek* report, the rights of women in foreign countries will now be a principal concern of American foreign policy as shaped by Mrs. Clinton and Mrs. Albright. In foreign policy as well as in domestic affairs, it seems, 60's-era feminist victimology is the kinder, gentler imperialism.

—*Michael Washburn*

EDUCATION is today's political buzzword, and, like any issue involving children, it is quickly becoming a trump card. Following President Clinton's cue, Jesse Jackson is traveling the country, raising support for an "education summit." And despite George Bush's claim to be the "education President," Clinton has put more of a mark on the American educational system, further centralizing education, both academically and financially, in Washington, D.C.

Most of the educational "goals" that Clinton set forth in his State of the Union Address were unobjectionable, although his overemphasis on technology and computer training is a problem, even for those who believe that the sole purpose of education is the production of skilled workers. Computer technology is advancing so rapidly that anything learned in grade school will be completely useless by the time the student enters the workforce. The visual imagery of computers has also undermined the development of fundamental skills such as reading and writing, and their presence in the classroom, and more importantly in homes, is one reason why a vast number of children are still unable to read at age eight.

The trouble with Clinton's educational plans, however, is that they represent further federal intervention in education, a subject traditionally reserved to states and local governments. Just as the constitutional language of preserving "the common defense" has been used to justify meddling in the internal affairs of other countries, so too the language of promoting "the common welfare" has been used to justify undermining the role of parents, local communities, and states in educating their young.

Since the Republican takeover of Congress in 1994 was supposed to be a vote for devolution, Clinton should have faced some opposition from Republicans. Is there a clearer issue on which to argue for taking power away from Washington and returning it to parents and local communities? But the opposition never materialized. Indeed, one of the most impassioned leaders in the battle for returning welfare policy to the states, Michigan Governor John Engler, has en-

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dorsed the President's plan. In his own State of the State Address, Engler went even further than the President, proposing legislation that would establish "academic receivership" for school districts that did not meet certain state standards. Those districts would be placed under state-appointed "receivers" who, according to the *Detroit Free Press*, "would have broad power to fire principals and other administrators, and take virtually all decisions from local school boards." As Engler said in his address, "We cannot sit by and ignore the problems in the name of local control." (His remarks echoed a line from a speech that Clinton had delivered a week before in Illinois: "We can no longer hide behind our love of local control of the schools and use that as an excuse not to hold ourselves to high standards.")

Engler has been criticized by many for the racial overtones of his plan (the students in the school districts most likely to be placed into state receivership are overwhelmingly minority), but the black Democratic mayor of Detroit, Dennis Archer, pointed out the real danger. "Whatever the problems in the Detroit public schools," Archer argued, "we have not reached the point where Lansing can educate Detroit children better than Detroiters."

I am a product of Michigan's public schools, but I now live in Rockford, Illinois, a city whose school system has, for the past three years, been under federal control as the result of a desegregation lawsuit. After $100 million in court-ordered spending, Rockford's schools are far worse. Most of the original plaintiffs in the lawsuit—which had been filed to achieve equity in funding between predominantly white and predominantly black schools—have now denounced it, and are looking for ways to shake off federal control, stop busing before it starts, and revitalize Rockford's old neighborhood school system.

State control or federal control, the problem is still the same: the arrogance of public officials who believe that they care more for our children than we do. We know what works best for children, and it is not—as President Clinton and Governor Engler have proposed—further school consolidation, nationalized standards, or bureaucratized education. The real keys to success are neighborhood schools, local standards, and—above all else—parental involvement.

—*Scott P. Richert*

EPICYCLES:

• More Benefits of Free Trade: **Hepatitis A** is sweeping the nation, borne on strawberries distributed to school lunch programs. Over 200 students in Michigan have contracted the disease, and the numbers are still coming in from other states. Despite a federal law against using food from foreign sources in the school lunch program, the berries were imported from Mexico under NAFTA guidelines, which have allowed Mexican produce to flood American markets. The berries were apparently contaminated in Mexican fields through exposure to dirty irrigation water or human waste.

Meanwhile, the *Washington Times* reports that Representative James Traficant of Ohio has demanded that the Pentagon tell him why a military base in Ohio gave Air Force Reservists boots made in China. Apparently, in this golden age of free trade, the Pentagon believes we can count on potential enemies to continue to supply us with boots even if hostilities should break out. Doesn't anyone remember Valley Forge?

• Switch or Die: Kuwaiti citizen **Robert Hussein** has been reunited with his family. Readers of our September 1996 issue will recall that after converting to Christianity, Mr. Hussein was declared an apostate by an Islamic Court, which is a virtual death sentence in Kuwait, since apostates may be murdered with impunity. Mr. Hussein went into hiding and eventually left the country. Now, in order to be reunited with his children, Mr. Hussein has taken the only step that could ensure his personal safety in Kuwait—a reconversion back to Islam. The Rutherford Institute has sent a letter to the emir of Kuwait protesting the intolerance that necessitated this switch, but it appears that the Middle Eastern ally America went to war to protect couldn't care less about "diversity" or other Eurocentric ideals.

• Language Du Jour: **"Spanglish"** (or "Cubonics," as it is known in the Miami area) is all the rage in our Hispanic communities. Unlike the made-up language Esperanto, to which it bears a superficial resemblance, Spanglish is the concrete result of the clash of two cultures. It's easy to tell which one is winning. While speakers of Spanglish incorporate some English words directly, most words are made to conform to Spanish pronunciations and spellings. (A few examples from a *New York Times* story: *choping* is shopping, *maicrogüey* is microwave, *joldoperos* is holdup artists or muggers.)

It would be easy to dismiss Spanglish as this month's Ebonics, were it not for a report recently released by the Census Bureau. According to the report, by 2005 Hispanics will make up a greater proportion of the American population than blacks, and by the middle of the next century, Hispanic Americans will account for one-quarter of the population. The numbers cast a different light on the new linguistic hybrid. More than anything else, language defines a nation. As Spanglish devours English, the language of America isn't all that's being lost.

OBITER DICTA:

Richard Moore, a poet living in Belmont, Massachusetts, has contributed four new poems to this issue. Mr. Moore is the author of eight books of poetry, of which the most recent is *The Mouth Whole: An Epic*, as well as translations of Plautus and Euripides, a book of literary essays, and a novel, *The Investigator*. His next book of verse, *Pygmies and Pyramids*, will be published in 1998; in the meantime, Mr. Moore gives frequent readings in the Boston area.

Chronicles is illustrated this month by St. Petersburg native **Anatol Woolf**, who has designed sets for theaters in Russia and has done illustrations for St. Petersburg Textbook Publishers, in addition to freelance work. In 1987 Mr. Woolf came to America, where he began contributing to magazines and newspapers such as the *Washington Post*, the *Washington Times*, *Policy Review*, *National Geographic Traveler*, *Legal Times*, and *Cricket*. Mr. Woolf works with a variety of materials, from water colors to pencil to acrylic.

Contributing editor **Samuel Francis**, who writes the "Principalities & Powers" column for *Chronicles* each month, has published a new book with Middle American Press, *Revolution From the Middle*. Composed of columns from *Chronicles* written between 1989 and 1996, the book also includes a preface by Jerry Woodruff, editor of *Middle American News*, and an introduction by Mr. Francis. To order *Revolution From the Middle*, send $6.95 to Middle American Press, P.O. Box 17088, Raleigh, North Carolina, 27619.

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Anatol Wooff

Sarajevo Today, Chicago Tomorrow

by Thomas Fleming

The War Crimes Tribunal going on at The Hague is the first test of one of the great principles of postwar politics—the Nuremberg Doctrine, which makes individuals liable to international prosecution for actions committed during a war. In the old days, military personnel and police officers were expected to do as they were told. In time of war, a soldier who refused to obey an order could and would be shot, sometimes without a hearing. But after the Nuremberg Trials, the phrase, always spoken with a phony German accent—"I vas just following orders"—became both a standing joke and a reproach against anyone who refused to disobey a dishonorable order.

Even under the best of circumstances, it would be hard for a defeated nation to get a fair trial from its enemies. War is terrible, and even the best men do things which would otherwise be regarded as crimes: they destroy houses, kill some people deliberately and others through carelessness. Winston Churchill—who did all of the above in two world wars—thought that the top Nazis should have been killed as soon as they were captured, without setting a dangerous precedent for international revenge.

This article was delivered as a speech at a Chicago conference in March on "America's Intervention in the Balkans," hosted by Chronicles *and The Lord Byron Foundation for Balkan Studies.*

This is not to say that the Nazi regime did not deliberately commit mass murder against Jews, Poles, Russians, Serbs, even Italians, or that the ringleaders should not have been summarily shot—like Mussolini, who was a choir boy compared to Hitler. Afterwards, a new German government could have settled scores, as best it could, with the other criminals according to German law. Or, if we had to have a trial, if it were limited to clear evidence of international murder—the slaughter of Polish Jews and Catholics, for example—no harm might have come of it.

Instead, the Allies institutionalized the hypocrisy of their propaganda. They not only made the conspiracy to wage aggressive war a crime by itself—as if most 20th-century American Presidents were not guilty of such a conspiracy—but they also outlawed warfare against civilians, including such acts as "murder, ill-treatment, or deportation to slave labor or for any other purpose of civilian population."

The Hague Tribunal is only a faint echo of the Nuremberg Trials: the alleged war crimes of the Serbs, even if they were all proved, are trivial in comparison with anything done not just by Germans but by Americans in recent years. At Nuremberg, at least, an effort was made to fix the blame on the Nazi leadership: men who had preached a doctrine of racial superiority, laughed at Christian morality as weakness, and insisted that

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their strength and superiority gave them the right to treat other nations as slaves and cattle. There were no such leaders among the Serbs, and the so-called criminals who have been put on trial are so insignificant that, so far from enjoying the glory of a trial, they would not have been allowed even to testify at Nuremberg.

Like the Nuremberg proceedings, The Hague Tribunal is an irregular and illegal court. The established venue for adjudicating international disputes is the International Court of Justice, not the U.N. Security Council, which has no business involving itself in what was, after all, a civil war. The pretext was international security, but no one has ever taken the trouble to prove that there was a real danger of international conflict. As Professor Alfred Rubin has written recently in the *National Interest*: "If the Security Council, by its own vote, can categorize events in such ways as to avoid limits on its own authority . . . a radical change in the structure of the United Nations will have been achieved."

Rubin also points out that the United States and its partners in the Security Council have been careful to limit the investigation to crimes committed by the three parties to the civil war. Just as at Nuremberg, where the Germans were not allowed to use any *tu quoque* arguments in their own defense, the activities of the peacekeepers themselves—including the use of American airpower against civilians—is not to be investigated. At least at Nuremberg, some of the judges did their best to insure a fair trial for the defendants, but this tribunal has been set up on the assumption that Serbs are Nazis, and that their leaders deserve to be hanged. As Srdja Trifkovic put it in the August 1996 *Chronicles*, "The model for The Hague Tribunal is not Nuremberg 1946, but Moscow 1938."

Were crimes committed by Serbs during the Bosnian Civil War? Undoubtedly. These things occur in all wars, civil wars in particular, but no impartial examination of the evidence has been able to attribute a criminal intention to Serb military commanders. The most frequently heard charge is that the Serbs launched military attacks on civilian population centers like Sarajevo. There is a word for this—war. Even if the Serbs were responsible for all the faked explosions in Sarajevo, they would be guilty of nothing that the United States does not routinely do. In the Gulf War, before we ever committed ground troops, we subjected Iraqi cities to a murderous barrage of missiles and heavy bombardment. We completely destroyed their infrastructure—plumbing, water supplies, electricity, all gone. Nobody really knows how many hundreds of thousands of Iraqi civilians have died as a result of the bombing and the subsequent embargo.

If we are going to talk about military terrorism against a people, then the United States should be accused of war crimes against the Serbs, not only for bombing the Bosnian Serbs into submission but also for the airstrikes that prepared the way for the Croatian massacres of Serbs in the Krajina—massacres which shocked even the normally anti-Serb press. It was the most brutal episode in a brutal war, and the blood is on our hands.

War against civilians is as old as mankind, although there have been periods of history in which brutality was avoided. During the American Revolution, British and German troops looted the houses of patriots, destroyed churches, and bayoneted unarmed civilians. The doctrine of total war has been U.S. policy since the American Civil War. Sherman's famous march to the sea, authorized by President Lincoln, was a campaign to break the Southern will to resist by reducing women and children to starvation, and similar plans were carried out in the Shenandoah Valley and along the Missouri-Kansas border.

These were not isolated incidents in a single war. The terror bombings of German cities in World War II had no military value: the death of so many civilians was meant to cause disaffection in the German people, although it had the opposite effect. The same can be said of the brutal suppression of the Filipino independence movement in the Spanish-American War and of the war of attrition waged in Vietnam.

In Vietnam, everyone knows of the My Lai massacre, but that incident was apparently far from unique. According to ex-Navy SEAL Mike Beamon, there were even special groups of SEALS whose job was to sneak into Vietnamese villages to murder civilians and make it look like the work of the Vietcong. We used massive airstrikes against population centers, defoliated the forests, and used flesh-burning Napalm indiscriminately. The United States was denounced around the world, but in those days there was general contempt in America for the sentimentality of human rights.

The nations responsible for the fire-bombing of undefended German cities are in no position to point the finger at war criminals. Say it was justified, say that it saved lives—the Germans thought they had a noble purpose in killing Jews. As one British foreign officer put it in 1945, "Bomber Harris must have got more victims on his conscience than any individual German General or Air Marshall."

The United States collaborated with the British in the fire-bombings, but we bear sole responsibility for the use of atomic weapons against civilian population centers. Hiroshima and Nagasaki are an ineradicable black mark on this nation's character, on the President who made the decision, on the people who reelected Harry Truman in 1948 and who to this day refuse to look at themselves in the mirror.

Murder is not the only crime against civilians. During the Bosnian Civil War, the European and American press dwelt lovingly on rumors of rape camps. Upon closer inspection, most of the horror stories of Serbian rape camps turned out to be either gross exaggerations or even outright fabrications. Were any Muslim women raped by Serbs? Probably, undoubtedly. Should they be punished? Of course, either by the Muslims or by their own government. Is rape something unusual in a war? Hardly. The American Army, it is said, raped its way through Germany, and the only soldiers punished were the unlucky few who refused to stop when the war was over. In fact, our record on this is still very bad. The German government has repeatedly complained about the misconduct of American GI's stationed in Germany, and the recent horror stories from Okinawa and Korea reveal that rape is still regarded as a venial sin by the U.S. military. More recently, American soldiers have been accused of raping their female comrades, and the most recent charges are coming from women stationed in Germany.

In the Civil War, Sherman's men, when they were not burning and looting, spent their time raping the black slave women—a subject that few historians are willing to touch, because the unspoken assumption is that the victims were, after all, only black. These soldiers were, not coincidentally, serving under the very government that established the first American code of military ethics.

Drawn up by a German immigrant, Francis Lieber, this code was promulgated as General Order No. 100. General Halleck,

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who authorized the code, was the military officer who also gave General Sherman's soldiers their carte blanche to burn, loot, murder, and rape their way across what had been the richest section of the United States. This same government and same officer bore responsibility for setting up the first concentration camp, designed to intern possibly pro-Southern Indians in the Southwest; this same government's troops in Colorado massacred an Indian encampment at Sand Creek at the very same time that their comrades-in-arms were putting the torch to the cities of Atlanta and Columbia.

I have dwelled upon the war crimes of the United States, not because I hate my country or want to blacken its reputation. Many other countries have worse records. But war is usually a dirty business, and few nations have clean hands. One fact alone should make us despise the entire procedure set up at Nuremberg: the fact that Stalin, his hands reeking with the blood of 50 million victims, was one of the prosecutors. None of the Nazi defendants, perhaps not even Hitler, could match Stalin, who even managed to prosecute the Germans for the massacre of Polish officers in the Katyn forest—a crime committed by the Russians themselves.

> The so-called New World Order that so many American conservatives are obsessed with is only the American Empire doing business under a new logo.

Underneath all the horror stories of rape camps and mass murder, there is an underlying principle to the State Department line, and it is this: Human beings are individuals whose only group affiliation is to a state that protects their human rights. Differences of religion and nationality are insignificant, and it is morally wrong for members of one group to discriminate against members of another. In Bosnia, for example, this means that a Serb would be wrong not to want a Muslim to move into his neighborhood or to prevent his daughter from marrying a Muslim. When these prejudices become a policy of trying to preserve a Serb village or ensure Serbian political and military control over an area, the acts are not only wrong but criminal.

From this perspective, all the parties in Bosnia are guilty of human rights violations, but the Serbs are guiltier than the rest. Why? Because the Muslims, in their desire to control the entire region (let us not make the mistake of calling it a country) could play the multicultural card—some of the descriptions of Sarajevo make it sound like San Francisco or Madison, Wisconsin; even the Croats—once they were bullied into forming a federation with the Muslims—they, too, were grudgingly multicultural. Only the Serbs were honest in declaring their intentions, which was to have either a separate Serbian state or else a Bosnian Serb republic within what is left of Yugoslavia. In the eyes of the international community, that desire by itself is a war crime.

Now, I am not going to try to tell you that Bill Clinton and Madeleine Albright really care about human rights. In fact, a glance at the Geneva Convention will reveal at once the hypocrisy of the United States and Germany, since the preamble to the latest version adopted in 1977 contains this lofty statement: "Every state has the duty, in conformity with the Charter of the United Nations, to refrain in its international relations from the threat or use of force against the sovereignty, territorial integrity or political independence of any State." What else was the breakup of Yugoslavia but the threat and the use of force against that nation's territorial integrity?

Where did such an idea come from? Since the Renaissance, philosophers have dreamed of such an international law, and by the 18th century most European nations were waging war according to certain rules which forbade the murder of prisoners and excessive mistreatment of civilians. In one sense, this is only good business: if wars are frequent, then whatever the Germans do to the French, they may, in the course of a few years, get a taste of their own medicine. The rule of tit-for-tat develops spontaneously even during modern wars: in World War I, for example, French and German soldiers respected each other's mess times and struck up a trade in cigarettes, wine, and food, until their officers put a stop to it.

But the kind of international law that has developed in the 20th century is neither pragmatic nor humane. It is a kind of religion—the glowing noxious gas given off from the decay of Western Christianity. Religious people, who see the image of God in their fellow human beings, are sometimes reluctant to indulge in gratuitous brutality. But Western society has been only superficially Christian for the past two centuries, and international human rights are simply the idea of divine law with God left out. Since, for people like Helmut Kohl, Madeleine Albright, and Bill Clinton, there is no god but ambition, power, and wealth, they are forced to disguise their crimes and double-dealing with the rhetoric of human rights and international law.

This idea of human rights has been kicking around for about 500 years, but it took concrete shape during the French Revolution, when the Jacobins proclaimed their Declaration of the Rights of Man—the right to life and property, the freedom of thought and religion. But what they did was a dress-rehearsal for Russian communism: they destroyed churches, murdered priests, raped nuns; they confiscated property, massacred a large part of the upper class, and waged a genocidal war of extermination against the Catholics of the Vendée. They even created a whole class of people called "suspects" who had no civil rights, and there were proposals to take the children of suspects away in order to indoctrinate them.

The Soviet constitution, too, breathes with the warm glow of human rights, and since World War II the nations of the world have ratified or endorsed or proposed charter after charter on women's rights, children's rights, religious rights, and ethnic rights. During exactly the same period, the civilized world has witnessed an epidemic of child prostitution. Fifty years ago a man who assaulted a little girl or a little boy would not have to worry about getting a fair trial, because he would never have lived that long. The same goes for the rapist and the child-murderer. Now these psychopaths and degenerates are very unlucky if they have to spend five years in a psychiatric hospital.

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Let me talk about just one of these charters: The International Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide. In this convention, genocide is defined as "acts committed with intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnic, racial or religious group as such," and genocidal acts include: killing members of a group, causing them serious bodily or mental harm, deliberately inflicting conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction, imposing measures intended to prevent births, "forcibly transferring children of the group to another group." Now, during the Bosnian Civil War, we heard a great deal about genocide. As for the first charge—killing members of the group—all the parties are guilty. Serbs killed Muslims who killed Croats who killed Serbs who killed Croats who killed Muslims who killed Serbs. But if we examine the second and third charges—serious bodily and mental harm and the infliction of destructive conditions of life—it is we and our NATO allies who are guilty.

Apart from the normal incidents of war, the gravest bodily harm was caused by the embargo, which—as we now know—was enforced only against the Serbs, and not against the Muslims and Croats. In fact, the United States violated more than one international agreement by arranging the passage of Iranian arms by way of Croatia to the Muslims. The embargo was enforced so successfully against the Serbs that vital necessities—food, medicines—were not allowed to enter into the country, and from Belgrade to Pale, Serbian children were dying because there were no antibiotics or anesthetics for routine operations. One reporter, who brought this matter to the attention of Red Cross officials in Switzerland, was told that the Serbs were receiving very little Red Cross assistance compared with the bounty being sent to the Muslims, and, they added, if the world ever found out, no one would ever give money to the Red Cross again, an organization that plays politics with human suffering.

Mental suffering is an elastic charge, which lends itself to the thought-crimes legislation that became so prevalent in the Reagan-Bush years. Nonetheless, the American and German press succeeded in demonizing the Serbs, much as British mercenary writers demonized the Germans in World War I. This media campaign was orchestrated in the U.S. State Department, which has knowingly propagated lies and hatred. If there is ever a real War Crimes Tribunal, then these masters of hatred—Warren Christopher, Stephen Halbrook, Madeleine Albright—will face the same charges as Julius Streicher, who was executed for his anti-Jewish propaganda.

The other categories probably do not apply to the Bosnian Civil War, but I would point out to you that it is the policy of this administration to force contraception and abortion both on blacks and Hispanics in the United States and upon Third World nations. The usually unspoken assumption is that the world has too many Africans, Indians, Asians, and not enough Europeans. I say usually unspoken, because back when Planned Parenthood was getting underway, its founders were very open in promoting eugenics, and beneath all their humanitarian rhetoric today, the agenda remains the same: do not let the colored races breed. Both the United States and the United Nations take part in this worldwide effort, which is defined—in their own convention—as genocide.

The final category of genocidal crimes is the transfer of children out of their group. Strange as it may seem, such transfers are increasingly common here in the United States, where children may be removed from their parents' home on a mere suspicion of child abuse. Saving children from abuse is obviously a good thing to do. But what constitutes abuse? According to the various declarations on children's rights, children have the right not to be spanked, the right to be brought up in an atmosphere of religious toleration, the right to be provided with information on sex and contraception. All over this country there are religious parents whose children are being taken away on unsupported allegations of abuse; there are homeschooling families whose doors are being kicked in by social workers who think there is something inherently wrong in parents who want to protect their kids from public education or who think their own religion is superior to others.

The justification for all this is the doctrine of children's rights. Unfortunately, in modern politics, a right always turns out to mean a legal claim. If I have a right to an education, that means that I have a claim on somebody's wallet, somebody who must pay for my schooling. In practice this means the government, which steps in, not just in cases of abusive or deficient parents.

In fact, our governments—state and federal—claim to act *in loco parentis* for all the children of the country. This means that if a government agent decides that a child's right is being violated, then the parents must face the full force of their state or that of the government of the United States.

Even the State Department can get involved. About ten years ago in Chicago, a Ukrainian immigrant family decided they wanted to go home. Their son Walter, however, wanted to stay with his aunt. Although no wrongdoing was ever alleged against the Polovchaks, the State Department stepped in to enforce Walter's right to divorce his parents and stay in the United States.

Back then, the excuse was communism. Today, it would be religious freedom or the threat of female circumcision which has led some African girls to claim asylum. The details change, the basic principle does not: the doctrine of human rights means that, in Bosnia, Serbs are forced to live in a country controlled by their enemies, and that here in the United States, no citizen is free to rear his children, manage his business, or think his own thoughts.

The United States and its satraps on the U.N. Security Council have established a simple principle at The Hague: when other countries have problems, it is a matter for the international community to take up, but if there were a question of one of the permanent members of the Security Council—a question, say, of Scotland or South Carolina demanding their independence, or of Attorney General Reno's decision to massacre 82 people in order to "protect the children" at Waco—the permanent members can exercise their veto power. What is sauce for the goose is not to be ladled upon the gander.

The so-called New World Order that so many American conservatives are obsessed with is only the American Empire doing business under a new logo. In the new American International, Inc., children's rights are used as a pretext for killing children. In order to defend the territorial sovereignty of a nonexistent nation—Bosnia—a member nation of the U.N. had to be dismembered, and in order to assert the right of self-determination, the Bosnian Serbs had to be forcibly subjected to a government they hated. War crimes tribunals, human rights, and international security are inscribed in the lexicon of tyranny. For free men, these phrases should be shibboleth, and when you hear them from the lips of spokesmen or churchmen, you will recognize your enemy. ©

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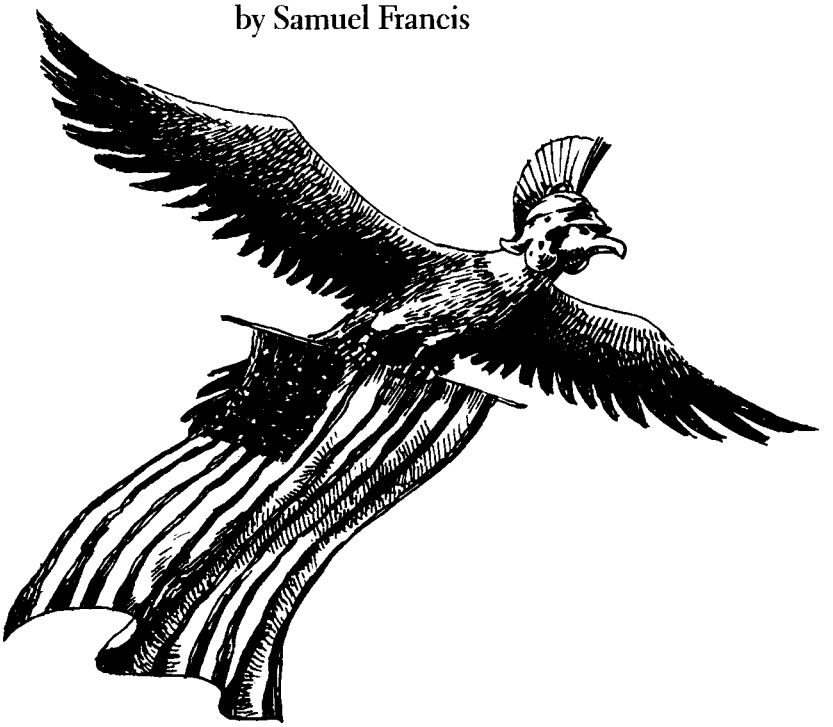
The Price of Empire

Globalism and Its Consequences

by Samuel Francis



Anatol Wolff

I know it will strike many people as odd to call the current foreign policy of the United States a form of "empire building" or "imperialism," and of course none of our leaders would ever call it that. They would prefer some such term as "peacekeeping" or "spreading democracy" or "nation-building" or "exporting capitalism," or some other euphemism. Frankly, it would be refreshing, whatever we think about imperialism in general or our current policies in particular, if someone had the integrity of Vergil, who openly acknowledged Rome's imperial mission in the sixth book of the *Aeneid*. As John Dryden translated the passage,

> But Rome, 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,
> To rule mankind and make the world obey,
> Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way.
> To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free—
> These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.

Or to invoke the imperial mission as frankly as Rudyard Kipling did in his famous lines, "Take up the white man's burden, / Send out the best ye breed; / Go, bind your sons to exile, / To serve your captives' need." At least, if we cannot have such exhortations to conquer and subdue even as we liberate and serve, we might have imperialism as an English schoolboy once defined it on his examination paper, according to a story told by the historian Sir Lewis Namier. Imperialism, wrote the budding proconsul, is simply "learning to get along with one's social inferiors."

But unfortunately today we are not even permitted such open acknowledgments of our imperial mission, let alone of the domestic price such a mission almost always involves. A war justifiable only on the basis of protecting the stability of our authoritarian client states in the Persian Gulf is justified by promises of punishing Iraqi aggression and war crimes and of building democracy in what remains today, as it was before 1990, the kumquat despotism of Kuwait. Military intervention in Somalia is justified on the grounds of feeding the people of that country, when it should have been obvious that it was first necessary to invent a Somali government to administer the food. The invasion of Haiti is justified by the slogans about building democracy in a country that has perhaps the finest tradition of political assassination in history. And our most recent adventure in empire-building in the Balkans is justified with only the thinnest reference to our national interest. How much more refreshing it would be if President Clinton simply announced, "No, we have no national interest in any of these

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Samuel Francis is a nationally syndicated columnist and editor of The Samuel Francis Letter. *This article was delivered as a speech at a Chicago conference in March on "America's Intervention in the Balkans," hosted by* Chronicles *and The Lord Byron Foundation for Balkan Studies.*

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places, there is no compelling reason to go there or send troops there or assume commitments there or spend money there, but we are going anyway because we have the power to do it and we want to exercise that power." That kind of honesty would indeed be a far cry from Vergil or Kipling, but at least we would be admitting what we are doing.

Of course, we do not make such admissions for two reasons. First, other nations would not like it if the United States openly acknowledged it was assuming a global imperial role without the window dressing of humanitarianism and altruism; and, secondly, because the American people would not like to hear that this is what they are being asked to support. Americans, even after a century of "internationalism," "interventionism," and crusades against one global villain after another, still do not want to assume the price of empire, still do not willingly send out the best they breed or bind their sons (and now their daughters) to exile without being told that there is some good reason for doing so. To our imperialist friends, this reluctance to send our sons to die in someone else's wars, or refusal to spend our taxes on war, foreign aid, and the whole vast bureaucracy that administers the imperial system, is narrowly selfish, but the fact is that there are few better reasons to resist imperialism than what are called "narrowly selfish" ones.

Yet if not wanting to be killed in someone else's war or not wanting to spend your money on it are not sufficiently persuasive reasons for resisting imperialism, there are others, and all of them, the ultimate price tags of empire, can be summarized in the rule that the rise of empire abroad invariably means the decline of self-government at home. There are several dimensions to the inverse relationship between empire and self-government, and the rest of what I have to say today will make the relationship clear.

How is it, then, that the rise of empire results in the decline of self-government, and why is the inverse relationship between self-government and empire true? First, self-government or republican government necessarily rests on an ideal of civic independence, on the idea as well as the reality that the citizens of a republic are self-sufficient, that they govern themselves personally and morally as well as politically. The self-sufficiency, the civic independence, of the citizens of a republic, the idea that the citizens should support themselves economically, should be able to defend themselves, educate themselves, and discipline themselves, is closely connected to the idea of public virtue, as historian Forrest McDonald explains in his book on the formation of the Constitution, *Novus Ordo Seclorum*:

> Public virtue entailed firmness, courage, endurance, industry, frugal living, strength, and above all, unremitting devotion to the weal of the public's corporate self, the community of virtuous men. It was at once individualistic and communal: individualistic in that no member of the public could be dependent upon any other and still be reckoned a member of the public; communal in that every man gave himself totally to the good of the public as a whole. If public virtue declined, the republic declined, and if it declined too far, the republic died.

Now it should be seen at once that this essential characteristic of a republic, the independence or autonomy of its citizens, runs counter to what an empire requires. Alexis de Tocqueville, commenting in a famous passage of his *Democracy in America*, grasped the contradiction, although he expressed it in terms of the tension between the needs of foreign affairs (what he called "foreign politics") and the characteristics of a democracy.

> Foreign politics demand scarcely any of those qualities which are peculiar to a democracy; they require, on the contrary, the perfect use of almost all those in which it is deficient . . . a democracy can only with great difficulty regulate the details of an important undertaking, persevere in a fixed design, and work out its execution in spite of various obstacles. It cannot combine its measures with secrecy or await their consequences with patience. These are qualities which more especially belong to an individual or an aristocracy; and they are precisely the qualities by which a nation, like an individual, attains a dominant position.

Tocqueville's passage sounds as though he was faulting democracy, and probably he was, but the incapacity of "democracy" to succeed at "foreign politics" is one of the former's virtues. It is indeed difficult to discipline a self-governing people into "persevering in a fixed design" having to do with foreign affairs, for the simple reason that the people are going to have better things to do—to raise their children, earn their livings, and attend to their own complicated and serious business and responsibilities. A self-governing people is simply too busy, as a rule, with the concerns of self-government to take much interest in other peoples' business. Moreover, those who wish to persevere in foreign designs are unlikely in a republic to have sufficient power to make the people go along with them, nor can they, in a free society, induce the people to shut up about what they are up to long enough to keep it or its management secret. A self-governing people generally abhors secrecy in government and rightly distrusts it.

The only way, then, in which those intent upon "fixed designs" in foreign affairs, especially in the expansion of their power over other peoples, can succeed is by diminishing the degree of self-government in their own society. They must persuade the self-governing people that there is too much self-government going around, that the people themselves simply are not smart enough or well-informed enough to deserve much say in such complicated matters as foreign policy, and that, just as war is too important to be left to the generals, so foreign affairs is just too important to be left to the people. This, of course, is precisely what the State Department and the foreign policy establishment in this country have been telling us ever since World War I and continue to tell us today. We hear it every time politicians and bureaucrats invoke "national security" to avoid telling us what they have been up to or are planning to do, and every time an American President intones that "politics stop at the water's edge." Of course, politics do not stop at the water's edge, unless we as a people are willing to surrender a vast amount of control over what the government does in military, foreign, economic, and intelligence affairs.

Empire, in other words, or even a government to which foreign intervention is continuously important, requires centralization—centralization of authority, decision-making, and discussion—and sooner or later the effort to institutionalize such centralization leads to the decline of self-government, which requires the decentralization that accompanies civic independence.

Moreover, empire requires not only centralization of author-

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ity and decision-making but also the inculcation of passivity into the population. Republican government, by contrast, involves civic activism, and the early champions of republicanism in European history were insistent on the virtues of the *vita activa* over the *vita contemplativa*, the contemplative life, which is more consistent with monarchy. Republican citizens must work at being free all the time. They have to go vote, but far more important than voting is the immense amount of time they have to spend in discussing public affairs and informing themselves about them, and even more time-consuming is the actual participation of the citizen in public office or in public duties, including military service. If we are not willing to undertake the burdens of such public duties, then we can find others to undertake them for us, including having a professional army protect us; but in that case we will no longer be a republic, and we may soon find that the professional army is no longer our servant but our master.

Empire cannot deal with that kind of civic activism or with its close relative, civic independence. Empire requires a population that is so passive it is ready to obey the commands of the empire spontaneously, a population that really has no compelling duties and responsibilities at home, nothing else to do with its time, and is ready to go serve in the foreign legion or the U.N. army at a moment's notice. The transition from a republic to an empire requires a transition in the public ethic, from an ethic that upholds the ideal of taking care of your own affairs, your own country, family, and community, to taking care of someone else's. That is the imperial ethic of the two quotations I read earlier from Vergil and Kipling; it is your duty to "rule mankind and make the world obey," your responsibility "to tame the proud, the fettered slave to free," your obligation to "bind your sons to exile," and not to serve your own needs but to "serve your captives' need." You don't want to do that, you say? But, if not us, who? If not now, when? Don't you realize that on the shores of Kuwait there's a sea gull covered with oil that will die? Do you actually think your life or your son's life is worth more than the life of that sea gull? Don't you know that if we don't liberate Kuwait, that sea gull and thousands like it will die at the hands of the most evil dictator in history; that the Somalis will starve; the Balkan War will erupt into World War III; they won't have democracy in Haiti, and all because you're unwilling to sacrifice your life "to tame the proud, the fettered sea gull to free"?

The transition from a republican to an imperial ethic is fairly simple; it mainly requires constant repetition by both sides of the political class, and a readiness to blacken the name of anyone—Charles Lindbergh, Pat Buchanan—who dissents. Once its values have been assimilated by the public, its high-sounding call to self-sacrifice for someone else's interests will prove almost irresistible to people to whom such an ethic had never occurred before. Of course, in addition to the propagandizing of the imperial ethic, the independent social institutions of the republic that sustain civic independence and activism must also be flattened. Independent businesses and farms must be consolidated into giant collectives or corporate organizations administered by managers; local government must be centralized and civic activism, discussion, and participation made impossible; a real and independent popular culture, in which the people produce their own culture, must be deracinated and shaped into what we now call "popular culture," which is culture not produced by the people but what is produced for them by elites lodged in Hollywood, New York, Washington, and other imperial metropolises. An independent popular culture is likely to go on churning out ideas, songs, books, poems, and symbols that are not sufficiently passive for an imperial system to rely upon. If you live under the ethic of civic independence, you know that if you don't take care of your business, your farm, your family, your community, then no one else will; but in an empire, with an imperial ethic, there is always someone else who will take care of your business for you. That is precisely one of the great temptations of empire, as well as one of its great prices; and so the transition to empire involves not just a call to glory and self-sacrifice but also a social revolution by which the independent social institutions that sustain a self-governing people are replaced by institutions managed and controlled by the imperial elites.

This very process took place in the ancient Roman Republic, as the independent yeoman farmers of rural Italy entered the imperial armies and returned from the wars of conquest to find their farms swallowed by the giant plantations of absentee landlords in Rome, their families displaced to the city and dependent on the dole, and the whole social foundations of the Roman Republic transformed into a passive, dependent urban proletariat that was suited only for empire and its tin glories. And the same process takes place today in America and the Western nations, where transnational corporations swallow small businesses and farms and the social foundations of personal and civic independence are vanishing.

The domestic consequences of the transition to empire involve, then, not just the risk of foreign military adventures and the costs of administering an empire, but also a social and political revolution in which independence is replaced by dependence, local and personal autonomy is replaced by centralization, an ethic centered on community and country is replaced

LIBERAL ARTS

D.C. OR MEXICO CITY?

"Drug tests on personnel in the office of Mexico's attorney general has found 424 people, including 241 law enforcement agents, had illegal drugs in their systems. . . . Of the positive urine tests for drugs, 204 showed cocaine, 130 sedatives, 85 amphetamines, and 17 marijuana. Eleven workers tested positive for more than one drug. It did not say how many workers were tested nor whether disciplinary action would be taken."

—*from the* Chicago Tribune, *March 19*

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by an imperial ethic centered on military glory and sacrifice for abstractions, and, in a word, self-government is replaced with rule by others, by a new ruling class dependent on empire and the state and giant institutions that manage it.

But there is yet another price of empire that must be paid, and that is the displacement of the native population. The great American historian of ancient Rome, Tenney Frank, in his *History of Rome*, commented on this consequence of Roman imperialism, comparing Rome as it had been near the beginning of its imperial period in the days of Scipio, the conqueror of Carthage, with Rome as it was at the end of the first century under the Emperor Domitian, a period of about 300 years.

> In fact, old Rome is no more. If Scipio could have risen in Domitian's day to see his native city, he would have found stately marble temples and palaces in the place of huts, but the features of the new Romans would have amazed him. The crowd of the Forum would have resembled the populace he once saw at Pergamum [in Asia Minor] and the senators would have differed little from the people on the streets. One has but to imagine the shade of Washington parading the Bowery.

Having conquered mankind and made the world obey, Rome found itself conquered—indeed, replaced—by the conquered. The replacement of the conquering people by those they conquer is almost an inevitable consequence of empire, and one that almost inevitably means the extinction of both the people and the civilization they have created. It is impossible for one nation or city-state or political unit to conquer and rule others without the people of the conquered states eventually entering into the lands of the conquerors. They come as slaves or cheap labor, as merchants, as mercenaries, and as refugees, and if their numbers are large enough they eventually replace the indigenous population. A contemporary apologist for imperialism, Professor Lewis Feuer, in his book *Imperialism and the Anti-Imperialist Mind*, virtually acknowledges this truth in his account of what he calls "progressive imperialism."

> A progressive imperialism like the Alexandrian or Roman was founded on a cosmopolitan view of man, a conception of human worth to be found among all men; it led to what we might characterize as a "participatory imperialism." A Spaniard, a Gaul, or a Greek might, under the Roman Empire, if he possessed the necessary talent, rise to the highest grades of the military or civil service, or even become Emperor.

To Feuer, the value of imperialism is precisely that it breaks down the narrow-minded parochialism of the conquering people and their culture, as well as those of other peoples and other cultures, and mixes them all together in the "cosmopolitan view of man." Yet, however glittering this universalist vision of empire may seem, Frank saw its consequences for the Romans clearly:

> Even a hasty survey of the Republic is enough to show how the original peoples were wasted and scattered in migration and colonization, and how their places were filled chiefly by Eastern slaves. . . . The assimilation of the foreign element was so rapid that the son of Marcus Aurelius [at the end of the 2nd century A.D.] seems to be the last emperor of Rome who could claim untainted descent from Italian parentage. That calm temper of the old state-builders, their love for law and order, their persistence in liberal and equitable dealings, in patient and untiring effort, their deliberation in reaching decisions, their distrust of emotions and intuitions, their unswerving devotion to liberty, their loyalty to tradition and to the state are the things one expects to find so long as the old Roman families are the dominant element in the Republic. By contrast the people of the Empire seem subservient and listless, caloric and unsteady, soft of fiber, weak of will, mentally fatigued, wont to abandon the guidance of reason for a crepuscular mysticism. The change is so marked that it is impossible to speak of the "spirit of Rome" or the "culture of Rome," without defining whether the reference is to the Rome of 200 B.C. or of 200 A.D.

The parallel with the uncontrolled immigration now experienced by the United States is obvious enough, and even the Census Bureau tells us that by the middle of the next century, the majority of the American population will no longer be of European descent. It is not very likely that either the republican ideals of self-government or the other aspects of European civilization on which American civilization rests will survive this demographic revolution.

What this means is that the ultimate price of empire, its ultimate domestic consequence, is the death of the very people and civilization of the society that chooses or is gulled into supporting the path of empire. Not only the destruction of self-government and republican liberty, not only the absorption of independent institutions by organizations no longer under the control of those whose lives they regulate, not only the transference of loyalties and commitments to strange peoples and places with whom we have no connection, and not only perpetual war for perpetual peace are the prices of the imperial path but also the eventual extinction of the very people on whose backs and bones the empire was constructed. Perhaps the old Roman general Scipio himself, who if anyone can be called the founder of the Roman Empire, glimpsed this at the very moment when he stood before the ruins of Carthage; the historian Polybius, who was with Scipio at the time, writes:

> At the sight of the city utterly perishing amidst the flames Scipio burst into tears, and stood long reflecting on the inevitable change which awaits cities, nations, and dynasties, one and all, as it does every one of us men. This, he thought, had befallen Ilium, once a powerful city, and the once mighty empires of the Assyrians, Medes, Persians, and that of Macedonia lately so splendid.

Polybius also tells us that Scipio quoted lines from the *Iliad*: "The day shall come when holy Troy shall fall / And Priam, lord of spears, and Priam's folk."

Implicit in Rome's victory over its enemy and the beginnings of its imperial sway was the destruction of Rome. For all the glitter and glory that empire seems to promise, that is the grim lesson history teaches us is its real price, and one that Americans would do well to weigh before they find that they and their children are the ones who will have to pay it. <c>

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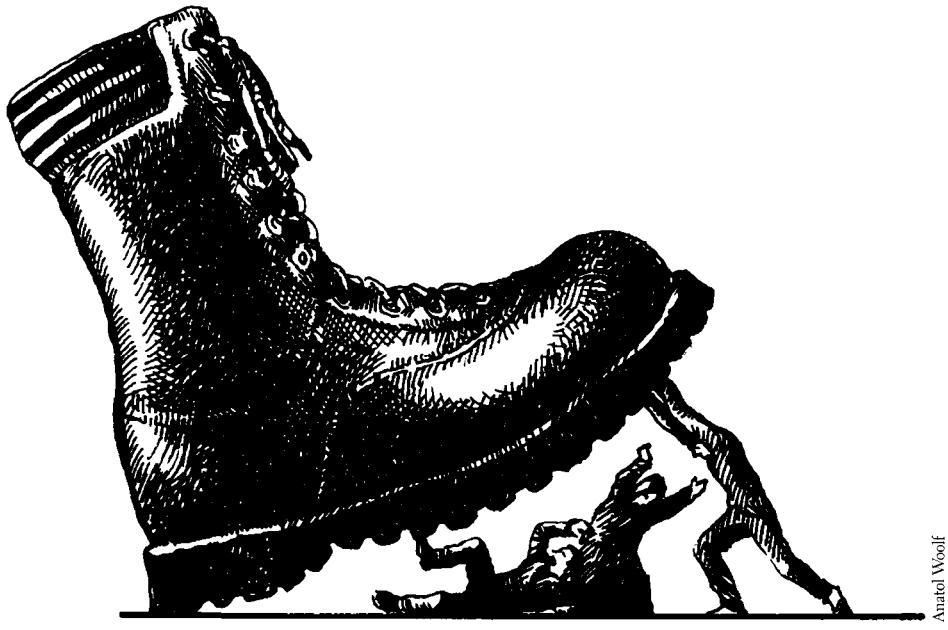
The (New) Ugly American

by Joseph Sobran



Anatol Woolf

The regime we live under—the regime of the United States Constitution—began with a set of clear understandings. One was that the federal government was to be the servant of the people. It was to be confined to the specific powers the people "delegated" to it, pursuant to the general welfare and common defense of the United States. If it exercised powers the people had not delegated to it, it was "usurping" power and committing "tyranny." A federal government was, of course, a compact among the sovereign states, as opposed to a "consolidated" or centralized government that was itself sovereign.

Few Americans understand this kind of talk today. Words like "delegated" and "consolidated" are known only to people who set out to build more powerful vocabularies. You can hardly explain the difference between "federal" and "consolidated" government to the products of modern American education, because when they hear the word "federal," they assume it means the same thing our ancestors meant by "consolidated." For all practical purposes, "federal" is just a fancy synonym for "big."

The idea of restricting government to "enumerated" powers—a written and finite list—is equally alien to today's American. The only remedies he can think of for big government are term limits and a balanced budget amendment. The lucid and shared philosophy of the Founding Fathers, imperfect as it was, has also become unintelligible to today's American, who knows only a set of slogans labeled "liberal," "conservative," and "moderate." Of course there are wide areas of consensus; if you are outside those areas, you are an "extremist."

Joseph Sobran is a nationally syndicated columnist. This article was delivered as a speech at a Chicago conference in March on "America's Intervention in the Balkans," hosted by Chronicles *and The Lord Byron Foundation for Balkan Studies.*

One of the things we can all agree on—unless we *are* extremists—is that America has a mission abroad: "world leadership." Both parties and all stripes of pundits agree on that. We must lead the "international community" in keeping peace, deterring "terrorism," and securing "human rights." Along with these lofty goals, we must defend our "vital interests" around the world.

To deny this part of the new American creed is to be labeled an "isolationist." We must never forget "the lesson of Munich," which our new Secretary of State considers her formative lesson, as opposed to what some people call "the lesson of Vietnam," or what might be called "the lesson of Sarajevo." Isolationism led to World War II. Never mind what led to World War I.

I grew up in a family in which Franklin Roosevelt was only a notch below God. My father and uncles had all fought in World War II, and it was unpatriotic to entertain the faintest doubt that the war had been righteous. Not that we had any arguments about this; it was a given. I never doubted it until I was a middle-aged man. And in doing so I was typical of my generation, except that in my case, doubt eventually set in.

Today I marvel at the consensus in favor of that war. It killed 400,000 young Americans in foreign places. It robbed a generation of men like those in my family of a normal youth. It involved the United States in an alliance with the worst tyranny in Western history. It was chiefly waged against civilians, with American planes bombing huge cities without mercy. It ended with communist rule over ten Christian nations. It created nuclear weapons—and we used them. Those weapons were soon aimed at us, putting us in far more peril than we had ever dreamed possible. And Poland, over which the war had started, ended up a possession of one of the original aggressors.

There is a deeply touching painting by Norman Rockwell ti-

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tled "War News." It shows four middle-aged working men in a diner, huddled around a Philco radio. When I see those men, I see my family—ordinary people who voted for Roosevelt during the Depression and who then, a few years later, spent each evening wondering if their sons were dead on some Pacific island. And never did they cease to worship Roosevelt.

But World War II, even more than the Civil War, remains the holy war of the American establishment—the event that gave legitimacy to arrangements of power absolutely opposed to the arrangements established by the Constitution. It not only completed the consolidation of domestic power in Washington, but turned Washington into the capital of an enormous empire, which itself consolidated during the Cold War. Of course consolidation is never quite complete, and though there are no more worlds to conquer, there are still a few parts of the world we have not fully subdued.

Americans do not like words like "conquest" and "empire," so these terms are not part of the official vocabulary. After all, our rulers led us into war by telling us that the Kaiser, Hitler, the Japanese, and the Soviets were bent on "world conquest." So we speak of "leadership," "defense," and "promoting democracy." Everything we do, everywhere, is "defense." Even the Department of War has been rechristened the Department of Defense.

American military action is now defensive by definition. No matter how many troops we place abroad, no matter how far from home, no matter how many people we kill in their own homelands with advanced weaponry they cannot hope to match or resist, we are merely "defending" ourselves. Why can't those foreigners understand this?

It is odd that we attach such opprobrium to "isolationism." We Americans are a psychically isolated people who, in our dealings with the rest of the world, are peculiarly uninterested in other people. We have very little curiosity about how the world looks from other places. When we fight a war, we do not even ask ourselves why there *is* another side. That may have something to do with why we are becoming so widely hated—a fact that seems to surprise us.

On the one hand, we are told that military intervention abroad is in our "national interest." But if we conclude, after weighing costs and benefits, that intervention is actually against our interests, we are accused of "isolationism" for failing to support it anyway. It seems that intervention is our duty, no matter what it costs us.

We have come a long way from "the common defense of the United States." This originally meant that if one of the 13 states were attacked by a foreign power, the other states would consider themselves under attack too, and act accordingly.

Foreign policy is a lot less literal-minded than it used to be. Who knows what "vital interests" are? We are told that our "vital interests" are at stake everywhere in the world. George Bush specified Iraq, but never explained why—or rather, explained too often: the reasons Bush gave for the war included the evil of aggression, oil, and "jobs."

To be literal-minded about it, a "vital interest" is one on which your survival depends. In that sense, the survival of the United States has never been threatened except by Russian missiles, which came into existence, ironically, because of the United States entry into World War II on the Soviet side. Any "threat" posed by Germany and Japan in 1940 was as nothing compared with the threat posed by our Soviet "ally" ten years later. I doubt that even Franklin Roosevelt would have entered that war if he could have foreseen its results.

So why did we fight World War II? In terms of real interests, it is hard to explain—especially if we mean the interests of ordinary Americans, as opposed to a ruling elite and special interests. We are given the *ex post facto* reason that the Nazi regime was absolute evil, which puts foreign policy into the realm of metaphysics. That could hardly have been the real reason. My grandfather gave my father an earthier explanation: "You can't have two bulls in the same pasture." That may not be a sufficient reason either, but at least it makes some sort of sense.

Switzerland has recently faced what some people have called its greatest foreign policy crisis since World War II: the demand for the return of Nazi-confiscated wealth, deposited in Swiss banks, to its rightful owners. If this is its worst crisis over the last half-century, one can only envy Switzerland. That little country is also under renewed attack for having stayed out of the war. Yet it is none the worse for wear for its notorious neutrality; it spared the lives of tens of thousands of its sons. You might think it deserves some credit, or at least human consideration, for that. But one hardly dares to ask in public: Why *should* the Swiss have fought? Apparently the Swiss government actually identified its national interest with the good of its people. Whatever others may say, I honor Switzerland for keeping its sanity. It remains a serenely civilized country. But of course we seldom ask whether the Swiss may know something we do not. For example, if Switzerland, in the midst of belligerents, could remain aloof from the war, surely the United States might have done so. Switzerland has only mountains to buffer it; we have two oceans. Why not use them?

Today the American government is still looking for trouble. It is currently trying to expand NATO to include countries bordering on Russia, but not Russia itself; and Mrs. Albright has tried to explain to the Russians that this policy is not anti-Russian. Certainly not. No more than it would be anti-American for the Russians to form a military alliance with Canada and Mexico, and to place troops on our borders. Again our rulers show the American trait of incomprehension of other perspectives.

Russia is still a potentially dangerous country, with a huge nuclear arsenal. What on earth is gained by provoking it now? Its communist ideology is dead; its problems are local and internal; it has no natural reason to be our enemy anymore. Yet our rulers want to give it a reason gratuitously. Are they insane? If not, they are criminally irresponsible.

I used to try to understand the sophisticated rationale for American foreign policy that I was sure existed. It took a long time for the truth to dawn on me: American foreign policy is an insult to the intelligence. Yes, highly sophisticated people try to shape it, and some of their machinations and rationalizations are extremely clever; I'll give Henry Kissinger that much. But it is as futile to seek integrated rationality in American foreign policy as to seek it in our government's domestic policy. Both are chaotic. If they have a common denominator, it is the habit of accumulating power, of starting and continuing on risky and expensive courses whose final consequences no man can foresee.

Whether your literary taste runs to Hayek or *Hamlet*, the lesson is the same: the future cannot be controlled. Michael Oakeshott has shown the inherent futility of "rationalism in politics." Rationalism of the kind Oakeshott described may be

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discredited in domestic politics—socialism is a dead ideology—but it survives in the current attempt to build a "New World Order" through international conferences, treaties, paper currencies, trade agreements, and the like, along with sporadic military intervention of the kind the United States has engaged in from Haiti to Somalia to Bosnia to Iraq.

> At home and abroad, this government has wildly outrun any possible rationale for its power. It is something every American should be both afraid of and ashamed of.

I yield to nobody in my contempt for our news media, which do their best to support the ruling elite. Far from a critical "adversary press," we rely for information on a courtier press that wants to be part of the action and shape public policy—an ambition that corrupts the avowed purpose of keeping us informed. And yet, for all its faults, the press, including television, tells us more than it intends to. Anyone who watches carefully will lose any awe, or even trust, he once felt for our rulers. They relentlessly expose themselves as venal, small-minded power-seekers to whom it is sheer madness to entrust our fate. No amount of favorable press coverage can conceal that. Our Presidents, our justices, our congressmen are made of the same stuff: Bill Clinton, Al Gore, Newt Gingrich—I'm starting at the top of the line of succession—Ted Kennedy, Al D'Amato, Pat Schroeder, Barney Frank . . . but why go on? These may be among the worst; but who are the best? Is there anyone in public life today you really admire? More to the point, do you trust the aggregate of these people to send our sons abroad to fight in worthy causes? We cannot even trust them to keep their hands out of the till. As for acting on any noble or honorable public philosophy, the idea is ludicrous. There is no point in debating principles with such people, any more than with a Mafia don.

But our current rulers are the natural residue of a long history. A country that has chosen such "great" leaders as Lincoln, Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt has pretty well decided that its future Jeffersons will have to find occupations outside politics: a centralized welfare state operating a global empire has closed off Jeffersonian options. How many Johnsons, Nixons, and Clintons do we have to endure before we realize that they are not anomalies? Who is fitter than Bill Clinton to lead this kind of country at the pinnacle of "world leadership"?

Such is the "leader of the free world." We have produced a system that guarantees that men like him will rise to the top. It is bad enough that they exercise enormous leverage over a quarter of a billion people within our borders; it is horrifying that they should exert similar impact on the rest of mankind. We should feel disgust for our rulers, but they are by no means the worst feature of American society today. American culture itself is now so completely degraded—so self-evidently foul—that we can only be embarrassed and shamed by its global influence. One feels that it should be placed under some sort of international quarantine.

Our rulers and cultural leaders share one remarkable trait: they are seriously alienated from Christian culture. They consider it a positive virtue and duty to uproot popular Christian traditions. The new movie *The People vs. Larry Flynt* celebrates a pornographer and the Supreme Court decision that "expanded our First Amendment freedoms." The partnership of a pornographer (who himself is oddly like our President) and the judiciary aptly symbolizes our decline.

Conservatives rail against the courts for their support of such evils as pornography and abortion, but it is not just the content of recent jurisprudence that matters. It is that the federal judiciary has been part of the broader assault on federalism. We are taught that the Supreme Court furnishes a check on the other two branches of the federal government. But nearly all of its important decisions over the past half-century have overturned state, not federal laws. Far from checking federal usurpations of power, the Supreme Court has played a vital role in the whole campaign of usurpation. In the name of separating church and state (according to a fraudulent interpretation of the First Amendment), it has de-Christianized America at the state and local levels. Its message to every town in the country is that it may not rule itself according to its most sacred traditions. In acting thus, the Court is not merely "legislating," as its accusers say; even more important, it is centralizing power in the name of the Constitution that was supposed to protect us against "consolidated" government.

The Court's critics are closer to the mark when they speak of the "imperial" judiciary—but the judiciary does not aspire to independent power; it supports the Washington-based empire by weakening all the rival centers of power that once constituted the federal system. The federal judiciary is actually *anti*-federal. Because traditional popular culture is, or was, deeply Christian, the country could only be de-Christianized by edict from a single center of power, preferably by unelected officials. This role was quietly assigned to the judicial branch, which has nothing to fear from the voters.

Meanwhile, American influence abroad has also made war on local cultures and traditions. Commercial movies and music have insulted sexual morality, and foreign "aid," including subsidies to population-control groups like Planned Parenthood, have promoted contraception and abortion in defiance of local religious codes and deep-rooted mores. It is by no means only America's support for Israel that causes Muslims to feel that this country is making war on Islam. (Only in Bosnia has the United States taken the side of Muslims—perhaps because their enemy, this time, is Christian.)

When local populations fight back with the only weapons available to poor people who lack advanced weaponry, our rulers and their courtier journalists damn and dismiss this reaction as "terrorism" and "anti-Americanism"—the counterpart of the "extremism" of those Americans who also see the American government as their deadly enemy.

Unfortunately, our government specializes in making enemies, at home and abroad. As George Washington said, government is not reason or persuasion, it is *force*. The bigger it grows, the more it is forcing or forbidding people to do things against their will—whether they are taxpayers, worshipers, busi-

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nessmen, or cigarette smokers. And the more it does such things, the more it pits itself against those it rules. Eventually it reaches a point of essential alienation, where it can no longer pretend to represent the governed.

The American government is now the most powerful human organization that has ever existed. It has made a stupid habit of exercising power arbitrarily, uninhibited by moral or constitutional principle. It is not a conspiracy masterminded by some cunning genius at the center; it is a system of power which large numbers of greedy and ambitious people have learned to use. It has ceased to be a problem for Americans only; it has become a problem for a large part of the human race.

Last summer the neoconservative *Weekly Standard* ran a cover story attacking Bill Clinton's foreign policy under the title "Is This Any Way to Run a Planet?" Running a planet! Clinton's foreign policy, you see, was *insufficiently interventionist* for the *Standard*. And in February it ran a whole issue on the menace posed by China (just before the death of Deng Xiaoping, as it happened). I was amused to see that its lead editorial noted with alarm that China is increasing its "defense" spending. Well, one might ask, why *shouldn't* China defend itself? But obviously the writer meant to imply that China has aggressive designs, and out of long habit he used the word "defense" in the American style, in which all military spending is called "defensive."

The same editorial went on to accuse China of wanting to replace the United States as "the dominant power in East Asia . . . and the world." I wondered if the *Standard* assumes stupidity in its readers, or merely reflexive agreement. Why *should* the United States dominate either East Asia or the world? And at what cost and risk? Such questions are not to be asked. Nor is the question whether American hegemony over the whole world is morally right or desirable.

Lately the *Standard* and other neoconservative tracts have also sounded an alarm against "anti-Americanism"—among American conservatives who have finally recognized their own government as their enemy. Apparently the American government is entitled to our unconditional love. Soon, no doubt, the neoconservatives will be accusing the conservatives of giving their loyalty to a foreign power.

But the Founders of this country would not recognize the present government as their creation. We need not idealize them in order to recognize that the regime we live under now has severed any real connection with the original Republic, with its principles, its political culture, its love of peace and good relations abroad free of "entangling alliances."

At home and abroad, this government has wildly outrun any possible rationale for its power. It is something every American should be both afraid of and ashamed of. A patriotic American today ought to be "anti-American." ◁C▷

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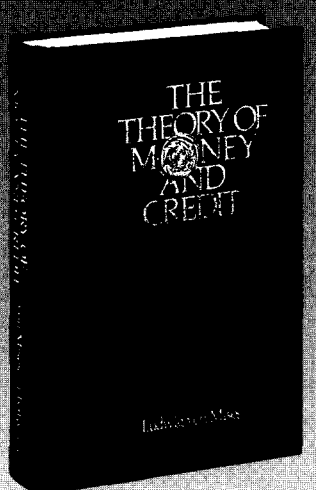

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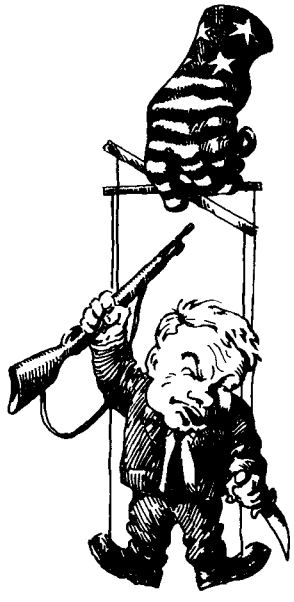
Slobodan Milošević, Our S.O.B.

by Srdja Trifkovic



Anatol Woolf

Our government is capable of swift and efficient action when it decides that the regime in a foreign country has outlived its usefulness, or has become a "threat" to what passes for national security inside the Beltway. Grenada, Panama, and Haiti all come to mind, but the methods deployed in this geographic area tend to be rather crude, and their direct application outside our hemispheric backyard is politically risky.

More subtle, and in the long run more efficient, is the method of cultivating internal allies and potential political protégés among the elites in the target country. This approach demands more than mere direct agents of influence, epitomized in the former Jamaican prime minister Edward Seaga, who was affectionately known to his countrymen as CIA-aga. It demands people whose personal and political credo corresponds to the self-proclaimed values of the post-Christian Western world. And so, from Prague to Tirana, from Riga to Bratislava, the chattering classes are repeating in a dozen strange tongues the mantra of "human rights," "free markets," "democracy." It is their ticket (so they think) to the Good Life of six-lane freeways, Quarterpounders, and televisions with over 100 channels.

To these new agents of "American" influence the credo is often delivered indirectly. What Madeleine Albright only hints, the Soros Foundation will proudly proclaim. To be condescending about one's ancestors—ignorant peasants, anyway—is cool; to be aloof about one's national culture is a must, if one is to get that elusive scholarship or at least a six-week tour of the States sponsored by the USIA. "They do not understand the music but they love the sound it makes."

In the former Yugoslavia, in Tito's lifetime and in the decade following his death in 1980, there had been no serious attempt by the United States to help develop or cultivate an alternative political team in Belgrade among the narrow stratum which could be considered friendly to "Western democracy." In accordance with the Kennan Doctrine, Tito's dictatorship enjoyed America's blank check to do as it pleased domestically for as long as it shunned total rapprochement with Moscow.

Serious and constant violations of basic liberty and human dignity in "Tito's Yugoslavia," clampdowns on real or imagined opponents of the system, periodical purges of unreliable university professors, market-oriented managers and alleged nationalists of all shades, were not allowed to distort the Western liberals' story of Yugoslavia as a "special case." Tito was not "our" S.O.B., but at least he was not "theirs" either. Even Radio Free Europe, which proved to be a surprisingly efficient propaganda tool in Central-Eastern Europe, was not allowed to broadcast in Serbo-Croatian.

Increasingly obvious structural weaknesses in the Soviet Bloc in the late 1980's did not bring about a change. Even following the meteoric rise of Slobodan Milošević, the man often presented as the embodiment of all that America detests, American diplomats in Belgrade totally refrained from "cultivating" any potential political alternatives to Milošević's ruling team. As Yugoslavia was nearing the abyss, and Germany proved increasingly unrestrained in its support for the two most vocal separatist-minded republics, Croatia and Slovenia, America refrained from making a bid for real influence in Belgrade.

In retrospect, this lack of involvement in a strategically sensitive part of Europe is unsurprising. There is now ample evidence to suggest that the United States did not build up alternatives to Milošević because it had decided—early in the Yugoslav conflict—that his remaining in power would serve its interests in the region.

It would be beyond the intended scope of this article to analyze the reasons for the decision in the winter of 1991-92 to support the Croats and the Bosnian Muslims in the violent disintegration of Yugoslavia. While the "why" of this decision is still

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open to debate, the fact itself is beyond dispute: the United States' decision to defeat "the Serbs" has been the salient feature of American policy in the Balkans for the past five years. The corollary to such a policy was the need to weaken the Serb side from without—through political isolation, U.N. sanctions, media-induced vilification, and ultimately military action—and from within, through the uninterrupted, unhindered rule of Slobodan Milošević and his team, and through the exercise of their influence over the western Serbs in Bosnia and the Krajina.

In order to illustrate what Milošević did not have to fear from the American side, let us remember how quickly opponents to communist regimes were built up and promoted elsewhere in the region by the United States. A good example is provided by the launching of Charter 77 in Prague. Until 1988 very few people in Czechoslovakia, and even fewer in the outside world, were even aware of the Charter's existence. This groupiscule of chain-smoking intellectuals tended to preach to the choir, in each other's apartments, on the virtues of democracy and human rights, on the duty of the artist to preserve his integrity, and on the meaning of existence under "Real Socialism." It was a worthy endeavor, moderately interesting to the handful of Western freelance journalists paying their once-a-year visit to Prague; but it was unlikely to bring down the state. Neither the founders of the organization nor Gustav Husak's security service (which had them penetrated very early on) regarded the Charter as a serious threat to the regime.

And yet, when the structural weaknesses of the Soviet Bloc led planners in Washington to decide that it was time to develop a Western-friendly alternative in Prague, an efficient mechanism sprung into action without ado. Quasi-independent foundations (for democracy, human rights, artistic freedom, or whatever) suddenly discovered and lionized Havel & Company. Sunday supplements of the *New York Times* and the *Post* were full of "in-depth profiles" of Havel, in color no less; lecture tours for the members (and suddenly numerous "sympathizers") of the Charter were swiftly put together by the Council for Foreign Relations and the USIA International Visitor Program, with a stop at the National Press Club an obligatory item on the tour.

This campaign not only created the perception abroad that the Charter movement and its leader were the obvious alternative to the communists, but, more importantly, it skyrocketed Havel's influence inside his country, where his means of communication with "the people" had hitherto been nonexistent. Thanks to the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe—who were "only reporting" what others were saying and writing—Havel came to be perceived by many Czechs as a viable and desirable alternative to the increasingly moribund regime. When the moment came, with the "velvet revolution" of 1989, the slogan "Havel to the Castle" (i.e., the presidential palace) "spontaneously" came to the lips of a nation which was sick and tired of communism, but which had not been able to develop its own alternative to the old team. The rest is history, including the disintegration of the Czechoslovak state, the proposed inclusion of the Czech Republic in an extended NATO, and the wholesale subjection of the Czech economy to foreign interests, from the gigantic Skoda Works (now under German control) to the old Pilsner and Budweiser breweries, under new, American management.

A similar scenario occurred the next year with Bulgarian leader Zhelyu Zhelyev, albeit with less effort and cost. But the simplest and cheapest such blitz was applied in Albania, where Sali Berisha was selected as the preferred candidate from the American point of view to bring down Hoxha's successors, and the newly opened American Embassy in Tirana effectively acted as his unofficial campaign headquarters in 1991-92. According to an informed Washingtonian, Berisha's victory "cost us a mere eight million bucks." What his fall is yet to cost the people of Albania remains to be seen.

In early 1990, as the first post-1945 opposition parties were being established in Serbia, American policymakers had a wide range of potential choices on the emerging political map. Had there been any serious intent to undermine Milošević's position—at a time when the Serbian president was ostensibly snubbing the United States by his refusal to talk to Ambassador Warren Zimmerman, and systematically undermining Prime Minister Ante Marković who was, in turn, ostensibly supported by Washington—it was possible to choose between a variety of emerging personalities. Probably all of them would have been eager to play the role of Havel: Vuk Drašković, Dragoljub Mićunović, even Zoran Djindjić would have gladly taken the opportunity to become the Uncle Sam-anointed future leader of their nation. But this did not happen.

On the contrary, from the beginning of the acute stage of the Yugoslav crisis—during the premiership of Ante Marković in 1989-91—the opposition to Milošević was written off in the American media and in political circles as "weak, divided, and irrelevant." At the same time, curiously, Milošević himself was being vilified and grudgingly admired as "the strong man of the Balkans," whose hold on the Serbs was beyond dispute and not open to challenge. This attitude did not change as a result of the huge demonstrations against the regime in Belgrade in March 1991, and the beginning of the war in Croatia. The media, led by the *New York Times*, were increasingly shrill in blaming "Milošević's Serbia" for the conflict, but without ever suggesting any alternative to him.

It was in June 1992 that it became clear that the United States wanted Milošević to remain in power, and that it was not going to do anything to jeopardize his position. The sanctions against the newly-fangled "Federal Republic of Yugoslavia" had just been introduced, on the insistence of the Bush administration. The pretext was found in the first of a string of Muslim bomb stunts in Sarajevo—the famous "bread line massacre," stage-managed by Muslims for the benefit of the world media and politicians.

Many Serbs were infuriated by the sanctions, which they perceived as harmful not to the ruling establishment but to the people of Serbia; initially, however, Milošević seemed unlikely to reap any political benefits from American policy. He was also widely perceived as a blunderer, whose inability to define and defend national interests in the summer of 1991 produced the dramatic worsening of the overall Serb position in 1992. In fact, the opposition in Belgrade seemed to be gaining momentum: their preparations for a grandiose Saint Vitus' Day rally that year were accompanied by a string of pronouncements from various national institutions asking Milošević to step down.

The attitude even of his former allies was summarized in the words of the well-known poet Matija Bećković, "Go, so that Serbia may live." The prevalent view in Belgrade, especially among the opposition, was that the anti-Serb policy dictated from Washington had a lot to do with Milošević's communist

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pedigree. They were unable to grasp that what they saw as a perfectly reasonable principle—the right of all constituent nations of the former Yugoslavia to self-determination, Serbs included—could be rejected by the "democratic West" in favor of preserving arbitrarily drawn boundaries between the republics. Accordingly, at different ends of the political spectrum in Serbia there existed a consensus on one point: if Washington were to send a strong public signal that Milošević was an obstacle to the more balanced treatment of overall Serb demands and aspirations, his position would become literally untenable. The democrats were hoping for such a signal, the communists feared it.

At that moment, in mid-June 1992, came a remarkable—and, as it turned out, shrewd—statement from Milošević. He said he would gladly tender his resignation, and leave politics altogether, if he believed that his departure would improve the Serb position; but the problem—as he put it—was not him personally, but the anti-Serb policy of the United States.

This moment would have been eagerly exploited by an alert Foggy Bottom strategist, had there been any desire to weaken Milošević. It would have been sufficient for James Baker, or his No. 2, Lawrence Eagleburger, to state that Mr. Milošević was quite wrong, that the United States in fact regarded the regime in Serbia as part of the problem. Without any political price, or indeed commitment, it was possible to undermine Milošević—possibly fatally so—by hinting that the change at the top in Belgrade could contribute to a reexamination of the overall American attitude to the Serbs in general, and to the issue of recently introduced U.N. sanctions in particular. The effect of such a statement at that time could have been immeasurable. At the very least Milošević would have been hard pressed to respond to such a challenge, and his bluff of "resignation" would have been called. He would have been seen for what he is—a power-obsessive former apparatchik who is ready and willing to sacrifice any national interest for the sake of remaining where he still is today.

Washington's response was the exact opposite of this. In an interview with National Public Radio, two days after Milošević's statement, Ambassador Zimmerman said that it was "of no consequence" to the United States who was in power in Serbia; but that whoever it be, he would have to observe the will of the "international community," which in Zimmerman's scheme of things means the United States. In effect, Zimmerman confirmed and endorsed Milošević's claim that the problem was not him per se, or his power structure, but the rigid unwillingness to validate any Serb claims in Washington.

A week later, also in June 1992, this attitude was confirmed when I attended a meeting in Washington with the assistant to the National Security Advisor for European Affairs, Jenone Walker. Referring to the sanctions in the context of Milošević's offer to resign, she stated that—"quite apart from Milošević"—they would stay in force until "all current and potential sources of conflict in the former Yugoslavia were removed, agreements signed and sealed, and respected by the Serbs to the satisfaction of the U.S. government." Game, set, and match—Milošević.

Ms. Walker's boss, Brent Scowcroft, was less arrogant but equally frank when he said that the Bush administration "has no view on the political future of Serbia," but had some definite ideas about the way the conflict should be settled. It boiled down to the demand for the Serbs' capitulation to Franjo Tudjman in Zagreb and Alija Izetbegović in Sarajevo.

This attitude provided an enormous boost to Milošević in his attempts to restabilize his regime in late 1992. At that time he was still pretending to be at least implicitly supportive of the Serbs west of the Drina, in Bosnia and in the Krajina, and his apologists could point to these statements from Washington as proof that any radical change at the helm would be detrimental to the Serbs' national interest. The American government effectively endorsed the claim of the Belgrade regime that "there is no alternative" to the Big Boss, and that any other government in Serbia would have to lay prostrate, beg for mercy, and sign unconditional surrender—consigning the 2.5 million western Serbs to the tender mercies of their enemies.

At the same time, Milošević's continued rule in Serbia was used by the American media pack, led by the *New York Times* and the foreign policy establishment in Washington, as proof that the sanctions were justified and necessary, and that the collective satanization of the Serb nation could proceed unabated. "The Butcher of the Balkans" made the front page of several glossy news magazines, with stage-managed photos of "concentration camps" and fact-free stories of "systematic rapes" inside the covers. Managed Mass Democracy was getting the Managed Mass Media it deserved.

The proponents of democratic change in Serbia, although somewhat demoralized, had nevertheless continued to try to get Western circles interested in a political alternative to Milošević. I was involved in some of these attempts. At the end of July 1992, I accompanied Crown Prince Alexander on a visit to Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney in Ottawa. Prior to the meeting I drafted a detailed proposal, which was presented by the Crown Prince to Mulroney, that the Canadian government invite a delegation of prominent opposition figures from Belgrade to visit Ottawa. So, when in the course of our conversation the Prime Minister asked what he could do to help the cause of democracy in Serbia, we were able to present him with a very specific set of ideas.

Mulroney eagerly endorsed the document. Immediately, in our presence, he dictated a memorandum to his *chef du cabinet* for the Ministry of External Affairs, suggesting that "representatives of the democratic opposition in Serbia" come to testify before the foreign affairs committee of the Lower House. Before leaving we had agreed that they would be given an opportunity to speak not only on the situation in Serbia but also on the war, and put forward the other side of the story. Even though he did not explicitly endorse our argument that sanctions hit the people rather than the regime, Mulroney seemed prepared to provide a platform for the proponents of democratic change in Serbia who were willing to expose this view in a reasonable and rational way.

Encouraged by this meeting, I stayed in touch with Mulroney's foreign policy advisor, Paul Heinbecker, who requested a list of suggested names of invitees. This I duly prepared, taking care to include people with impeccable democratic credentials, fluent English and French speakers, some of whom would consider themselves patriotic, albeit with a small "p." All of them were truly devoid of any hint of chauvinism. It was agreed that the visit should take place six to eight weeks later, in the second half of September 1992.

After that there was a long period of silence. Following my repeated inquires by phone and fax I finally received a call from Ottawa in the second half of August, in which I was told that the visit was called off. The reason? Apparently some Canadi-

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ans thought it would be a good idea to include Washington in the itinerary, assuming that a possible testimony by Milošević's opponents before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee would be welcome to the White House and the State Department. When they contacted the administration, however, they were told that the proposed visit was "undesirable," because "the opposition in Serbia is composed of nationalists who are no better than Milošević." I was told—off the record, of course—that a "strong signal" was given to the Canadians that, in Washington's view, they should not go ahead with the visit themselves.

And so the sanctions remained, and so did Milošević. They became inseparable. The sanctions had proved an absolute boon to Milošević. First, he could blame them for the abysmal economic situation in the country, which was in fact due to the structural defects of an inefficient socialist economy—an economy he was unwilling to reform on political grounds. Secondly, he could use the sanctions as a pretext for the policy of gradual, and (by 1995) total, abandonment of the western Serbs, thereby eliminating a potentially serious threat to his power base in Serbia proper.

Worse still, Milošević could observe with equanimity the exodus of about a quarter of a million predominantly young and well-educated urban Serbs in 1992-95, whose decision to emigrate was most often prompted by the sanctions. Those who had provided the backbone of political opposition to his government in 1990-91 were leaving, and he was staying. The fruits of the sanctions are obvious only now, when his power has been shaken. The near-destruction of the remaining urban middle class—which was hit hardest by the sanctions—means that the critical mass for that final push is simply lacking in Belgrade, regardless of the looming social, economic, and moral collapse of the nation.

Having already reached my own conclusions about the view in Washington concerning Milošević, I was not surprised that the United States persisted with the same course in the fall of 1992, when it had an opportunity to do otherwise. The prime minister of the rump Yugoslav federation at that time was Milan Panić, a flamboyant Californian businessman who was installed with Milošević's approval but soon refused to do his bidding. In order to enhance his credibility, Panić was desperately appealing for even a token gesture of support from Washington. He had specifically asked that humanitarian deliveries of heating oil be exempted from the sanctions (the winter season was approaching) and hinted that such a symbolic gesture would at least give him some leverage in his attempts to unify the opposition.

But Panić was rebuffed by the United States. It was clear that his conciliatory policy—exemplified by the complete withdrawal of the last Yugoslav troops from Croatia—went unrewarded. The benefactor was Milošević, yet again, who could ridicule Panić as a pathetic buffoon, a trickster who was bluffing the nation with his claim that he could count on Western support against the president of Serbia. Emboldened, in December 1992, Milošević called snap elections.

In spite of considerable handicaps (the greatest of which was state control over the media, especially television) Milan Panić—by now Milošević's unrestrained opponent and presidential candidate of the opposition—was unexpectedly doing quite well in the polls. The gap between him and Milošević, considerable at the beginning of the campaign, was reportedly shrinking fast. And then, yet again, a statement came from Washington which suddenly improved Milošević's position. Just two days before the vote in Serbia, the lame-duck Secretary of State, Lawrence Eagleburger, declared that—in his opinion—Slobodan Milošević should be indicted as a war criminal.

Now, this man Eagleburger knows his Belgrade, and understands the Serbian mentality. He had spent many years in Belgrade and had been culturally attuned to the place well enough to know of *inat*, that hardheaded and often self-defeating spite so typical of the Serb psyche. Eagleburger must have realized that the best way to rally people around an increasingly unpopular leader was to "tell" them just how bad he was, especially from the "American" point of view. There can be but little doubt that he was fully aware who would be helped by such a statement. Unsurprisingly, the clip with Eagleburger's diatribe was eagerly carried by state television and all government-controlled media in Serbia. I know personally of an old Belgrader, a lifelong anticommunist, who voted for Milošević that one time—"just to show the Americans." Poor fellow, little did he know that he was acting just as expected, and desired, by those same Americans.

Only someone unacquainted with the true objectives and modus operandi of American foreign policy will be surprised by such a gap between officially proclaimed objectives and reality. Let us therefore jump four years to our time, and to the massive wave of antigovernment protests which swept over Serbia last November. It took more than a week of continuous street protests in Belgrade for the State Department to issue the first (mild) rebuke of Milošević. "The Serbian leader continues to be a necessary diplomatic partner," pontificated the *New York Times* in a November 28 editorial, while American diplomats in Belgrade were quietly advising protesters to refrain from demanding Milošević's resignation. The British ambassador in Belgrade, Ivor Roberts, enjoyed unrestricted access to Milošević, and had been active in trying to diffuse the current wave of protests. Such ambivalence prompted the *Times* (of London) to bewail Western disregard for "the ruthlessly undemocratic nature" of the regimes in Serbia and Croatia, warning that the view of Milošević as a pillar of regional stability was inherently flawed.

So what is the secret of Milošević's success in making himself indispensable? The answer is simple: his readiness to play the role of the New World Order *Gauleiter* in the Balkans. The Serbs of Bosnia and Croatia, unwilling to submit to Franjo Tudjman and Alija Izetbegović but unable to resist without help from Serbia itself, were doomed to defeat once Milošević decided that they could pose a threat to his undisputed authority. In the words of Vojislav Koštunica, a leading opposition politician in Belgrade,

> Milošević decided some time in early 1993 that he would rather have total control in a very small Serbia, than risk competition from Pale and Knin. The logical outcome of this was his preference for the Croatian victory in the Krajina, and for the Muslim hegemony in Bosnia. That explains why he did nothing to help the Serbs in Croatia, and that's why he has sold the Bosnian Serbs down the river at Dayton.

By betraying the struggle for self-determination of the Serbs west of the Drina, by calmly stabbing them in the back, Milošević has shrewdly purchased the lasting benevolence of those

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who run today's "Western democracies." Indeed, it was with the skins of the Bosnian and Krajina Serbs that he has turned himself from "the butcher of the Balkans" into "a necessary partner."

Having ignored the very existence of the Serb opposition to Milošević for the best part of the past decade, the United States government was forced to make some token gestures of support when his position seemed seriously threatened. But even then, overtures were directed only at those figures in Belgrade which were judged "safe" from the globalist perspective. This meant that the three-party coalition Zajedno (Together) needed to be quickly Havelized, and subsequently kept in reserve—just in case the Serbs do not listen to the voice of wisdom from Washington, and decide to do a Ceausescu on Milošević.

It hardly needs stating that America's support of the Zajedno coalition has nothing to do with the alleged democratic credentials of its three parties, and everything to do with the degree of its leaders' professed readiness to act in accordance with the *diktat* from Washington. Hence the sad spectacle of all Zajedno coalition leaders swearing by the prevailing form of social and political organization in Western Europe and the United States, and invoking it as a panacea for Serbia's many ills. Vuk Drašković, Zoran Djindjić, and Vesna Pešić: the trio was successfully portrayed in the West as "the opposition" in Serbia. The troika rejected any serious debate on the causes, meaning, and lessons of the tragedy which befell their nation in this century, and by doing so, it reduced its target audience to segments of the Serbian body-politic which is deemed politically correct by Clinton and Albright: the segments that are submissive to "the West," a-national to the point of self-hatred, brazenly materialistic, antitraditionalist, and secular.

With such an opposition, it is unsurprising that the popular discontent with Milošević could not have been channeled into a victory for his enemies. The Zajedno coalition has been warned in no uncertain terms by Washington to shun all "unsuitables," not only open nationalists such as Vojislav Šešelj, but even thoroughly moderate patriots with impeccable democratic credentials (such as Dr. Koštunica) who are simply not kosher enough for the U.S. State Department.

The resultant failure to forge a united opposition front against Milošević was described in some Western capitals, yet again, as the failure of the Serbian opposition. In the meantime, Milošević is in the process of reconsolidating his grip on power after a tricky period. Western chanceries may breath a sigh of relief. From the standpoint of the American Embassy in Belgrade, the policy has paid off. An internally weakened Milošević is allowed to linger on, but his weakness guarantees his even greater pliability when he is faced with new demands—over Kosovo, Sanjak, The Hague Tribunal, or whatever. On the opposition front only those who swear by the Big Mac, and who speak the language of ten-second CNN sound-bites, are recognized as potential alternatives to the Big Boss.

This "democratic" opposition still parrots old slogans from the 1980's about something called "United Europe," pretending that this project is miraculously still open to those less fortunate nations of the Old Continent which happen to adhere to the Orthodox tradition. No less embarrassing is the "pro-Americanism" of Drašković and Pešić. Drašković, the Balkan Candide without the innocence, does not understand America, but he thinks he knows what is expected of him in terms of lip-service and rhetoric. Ms. Pešić, worse still, rather likes what she finds in its centers of power; she is the ambitious clone of Hillary Clinton and Susan Sontag. The story those two tell the Serbs after their low-level meetings in Washington is a curious mix of brown-nosing, ignorance, and outright manipulation: Sesame Street blended with Agitprop. What they do not tell, perhaps because they do not know, is how deeply they are despised by their Washingtonian interlocutors. It is useful, having Quislings handy; but it is unpleasant having to humor them. The job is usually left to junior staffers and GS-11 protocol bureaucrats.

The movers and shakers can afford to be aloof with their would-be clients from Belgrade. Serbia is not a very important place per se, and there is no cost, political or otherwise, to being rude to the Serbs. The place does not matter, but it was useful for an exercise in the destruction of traditional nationhood, New World Order-style. The Serbs' striving to remain part of one state when Yugoslavia started disintegrating—a desire as natural as it is reasonable—was proclaimed from inside the Beltway to be the deadliest of sins by those whose goal is a world in which any bonds of loyalty borne out of centuries of shared experience are eradicated. The Serbs in Belgrade were to be forbidden to help the western Serbs, in the Krajina and in Bosnia, in their struggle to be the masters of their own destiny in the lands they had inhabited long before the first Pilgrim Fathers celebrated their first Thanksgiving. And now, the United States has the president of the place, as well as his supposedly implacable political opponents, shouting "Amen."

With such ringing diplomatic success, it may be too much to expect a shift in Western policy towards the Serbs in general, or Milošević in particular. Such policy is shaped by people who have failed to recognize—or, worse still, understand but do not care—that the same forces which have torn Bosnia asunder are also present in many American cities, as well as in Marseilles, Berlin, and Amsterdam.

Yes, "Bosnia" is bound to happen in Southern California, in Yorkshire, and in Brandenburg, if our society remains on the same course charted by the pseudoelites who run America and Western Europe today. These *corifei* of rights without liberty, the high priests of lives without substance, are not different from Slobodan Milošević, the seedy apparatchik who had never, ever been that "Serb nationalist leader" of a thousand Western editorials. Throughout his decade in power they have acted as his discrete mentors, because they are anti-Serb; and throughout the wars of Yugoslav succession they have been anti-Serb because they are anti-American, and anti-European.

The scars of this past decade will take a long time to heal, even if America eventually shakes off the ignominy of the Clinton presidency, and even if the current push for the "United Europe" is defeated by the joint efforts of all who love Europe too much to allow its destruction through integration. But whether the emaciated remnants of Christendom on both sides of the Atlantic still have the will and ability to do so is open to doubt. L'affaire Milošević illustrates the tempora and mores of the Western world as it nears the new millennium. Auberon Waugh has predicted that the next will be a worthy successor to this altogether awful century—a brazenly triumphant era of thuggery, muggery, and buggery. When Clinton greets Milošević as "a trusted pillar of regional stability" at the White House in 1999, we will know that Waugh was right. C

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Benevolent Global Hegemony

by James George Jatras

Anatol Woolf

Every once in a great while, an article appears in a mainstream publication that lets the cat out of the bag, by spelling out ideas that have long been dominant in public life but are usually seen only in vague or implicit form. One such appeared in the July/August 1996 edition of *Foreign Affairs*. Entitled "Toward a Neo-Reaganite Foreign Policy," it was intended as a blueprint for a Dole administration, and no doubt also a claim for high appointment for its authors, William Kristol and Robert Kagan, both editors of the neoconservative *Weekly Standard*. It could best be summed up as an appeal for America to become the embryo of a world empire.

The American role in the post-Cold War international order, according to Kristol and Kagan, should be "benevolent global hegemony." After defeating the "Evil Empire," the United States

> enjoys strategic and ideological predominance. The first objective of our foreign policy should be to enhance that predominance by strengthening America's security, supporting its friends, advancing its interests, and standing up for its principles around the world. The aspiration to benevolent hegemony might strike some as morally suspect. But a hegemon is nothing more or less than a leader with preponderant influence and authority over all others in its domain. That is America's position in the world today.

Other powers, they argue, notably Russia and China, will bristle at American hegemony, but we should take their displeasure "as a compliment."

Predictably, the authors call for a military buildup unconnected to any identifiable military threat. They call for "citizen involvement," in effect, a militarization of the populace (in a complete perversion of the traditional citizen-soldier concept) and their seduction into the imperial enterprise: to "close the growing separation of civilian and military cultures in our society," to "involve more citizens in military service," to "lower the barriers between civilian and military life."

Perhaps most disturbing about the Kristol/Kagan call to greatness is how they define our interests. "Americans," they write, "have never lived in a world more conducive to their fundamental interests in a liberal international order, the spread of freedom and democratic governance, [and] an international economic system of free-market capitalism and free trade." Of course, this has nothing to do with how we will preserve the traditional moral and economic interests of our own people or with keeping other powers out of our traditional empire in this hemisphere—what we usually mean by national interests—and everything to do with the blessings we will supposedly bestow upon the rest of benighted humanity, assumed to be, as Kipling put it, half devil and half child.

They continue: "American hegemony is the only reliable defense against a breakdown of peace and the international order.

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The appropriate goal of American foreign policy, therefore, is to preserve that hegemony as far into the future as possible." In sum, hegemony for hegemony's sake: we are obligated to take up the white man's burden, to take on the Sisyphean task of preserving the existing international order, seemingly forever. In fairness to the Republicans, it should be noted that there is greater uneasiness on the GOP right about this trend than there is on the Democratic left, whose noninterventionism seems to have evaporated with the demise of communism. Note the *New York Times*' piece (December 19, 1996) on Madeleine Albright's "Munich Mindset" by Owen Harries, editor of the *National Interest*. Harries takes Albright to task for her "enthusiasm for action [of an] apparently indiscriminate nature," her seeming to "favor intervention generally and on principle," and her viewing the world as "an endless series of Munich-like challenges." Whatever one might think of Colin Powell, one can only agree with Harries that the question she once put to the general—"What's the point of having this superb military that you're always talking about if we can't use it?"—is nothing less than simpleminded. Harries' warning fell on deaf ears as Albright was unanimously confirmed as Secretary of State by the Senate, 99 to nothing. For those who lament the demise of bipartisanship: Madame Albright meet Messrs. Kristol and Kagan, or for that matter, Jeane Kirkpatrick. This is now the norm—Tweedledee Anthony Lewis, Tweedledum William Safire. Make no mistake, whatever ordinary Americans might think, the political, media, and intellectual elites, regardless of their party affiliation, are firmly behind America's global enterprise.

It is hard to believe that just a few decades ago, before 1914, the Western World—Europe, Christendom—little doubting its obvious superiority, cultural as well as technological, over all other peoples, exercised direct authority over virtually the entire world, over all other civilizations. The only serious exception was Islam, as represented by the Ottoman Empire, which was widely seen to be on its last legs; the Christian peoples of the Balkans had lately thrown off the Turkish yoke, and prospects loomed for the reconquest of Anatolia and the Levant.

All of this came crashing down in 1914. Due largely to the same arrogance that had fed the rush for empire, and which, with little modification, impels our contemporary neoimperialists, the European powers embarked upon an orgy of autogenocide that probably has never been equaled at any time on any continent. And not content with that, they gave it another go 20 years later, and, at the conclusion of their second world war, they embarked upon the Cold War. The result is a civilization that is a shadow of its former self, crippled, wounded—perhaps fatally—that is culturally, morally, religiously moribund. Perhaps most telling, it is demographically moribund: when people refuse to produce offspring at even replacement level, this is sure evidence that the disease is terminal.

We are still living in the wreckage left from World War I. It is generally acknowledged that among its results was the spawning of two very similar, crassly materialistic, antitraditional ideologies, each of which had found a home in one of the defeated empires: Bolshevism in Russia and, largely a reaction to communism, National Socialism in Germany. The activities of these two states—twins, in many ways—and the other powers' concerns about them, were primarily the occasion of World War II; the activities of the twin that survived and expanded its power in that conflict, the Soviet Union, were the occasion of the ensuing Cold War. This much is obvious.

But what is not generally acknowledged, and what perhaps is only now becoming obvious, is that the war did not produce (and by produce I mean serve as a catalyst, not cause: the roots are much deeper) just two such ideologies but three: the twins were actually triplets. While the third child of the war superficially resembled the old empires that had gone to war in 1914—there was still a king in London, the Third Republic continued to sputter along in France—what was missing was even the pretense that civilization rested upon the old certainties, primarily religious in origin, without which, it had been assumed, ordered and moral life was impossible. Men were no longer ashamed to admit they were atheists; after all, if God really existed, how could He have permitted that slaughter? The antitraditional impulse that had been growing for decades, perhaps centuries, before 1914, vastly accelerated after the war and, bit by bit, subtly but inexorably, established itself in academia, the media, and in government. Today it holds untrammeled sway over virtually all formerly Christian countries. What had once been apostasy had become the ruling religion.

> We have forgotten who we are, and when our hegemonist elites decide to bomb or starve some other people, we do not know who, let alone where, these people are.

As evidence, consider the celebrated article by Samuel Huntington, "The Clash of Civilizations?" in the June 1993 issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Huntington's thesis is that in the post-Cold War world the clash of ideologies (which had superseded, in turn, clashes among nation-states, dynasties, and religions) would itself be superseded by a clash of civilizations, which he designates as Western, Islamic, Confucian, Japanese, etc. Despite some serious flaws in his presentation, I think the overall thrust is correct. Consider, however, what Huntington sees as the distinguishing core concepts of the West: individualism, liberalism, constitutionalism, human rights, equality, liberty, the rule of law, democracy, free markets, the separation of church and state. These are criteria (identical to those assumed by Kristol and Kagan, and all of them amenable to manipulation) that could not by any means have described European civilization during most of its long history but are only applicable to its current decrepitude. One would never know that European civilization has been characterized, primarily, by the Christian religion (though divided into a number of communions) and shared ethnic and linguistic origins, specifically the various branches of the Indo-European family: a discernible local ethno-religious culture occupying a defined homeland in the Northern part of the planet.

Finally, with regard to the post-Cold War world, the power

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relationship between the European and non-European worlds has almost been completely reversed. The shattered self-confidence of even the victors in World War I made the liberation of their colonies a foregone conclusion, the only real question being one of timing. When the liberation came, during the Cold War, the non-European world generally sided with either the United States or the Soviet Union while the outcome was in doubt, but this only temporarily masked a deeper reality, which is now coming to light: that the non-Western cultures are no longer cowed by Western technical and military superiority. Perceiving our moral weakness and their demographic strength, they increasingly see European wealth and land as a prize to be expropriated: in short, *The Camp of the Saints*, or what my friend has called the candy store with the busted lock. Our hegemonist elites seem to believe that man *does* live by Big Mac alone, and they delude themselves with the specious idea that our culture (by which they mean our movies, our rock music, our fast food) is all the rage from Beijing to Bujumbura. And finally, there is only a dim recognition that in the centuries-old struggle between Cross and Crescent the latter has decisively returned to the offensive after a hiatus of some three centuries.

When future generations look back on today, they will see that the United States' emergence as the world's only superpower is one of the biggest and cruelest practical jokes in history. For if there is one country that is utterly incapable of perceiving its interests and constructively acting upon them, it is the United States. This is due partly to our national temperament and institutions. Some of these may have their roots in the founding of the country, but the focus here is on contemporary characteristics that are relevant to the political elite's ability to manipulate a people into supporting a globalist agenda. For example, of any European or derivative people, Americans are most ignorant of their own history and know even less about other peoples. Historical knowledge is mainly limited to ethnic or hyphenated Americans, who are familiar with their own distinctive tribal renditions: black Americans, who know that we had slavery and Jim Crow; and some white Southerners, who can recite in minute detail the particulars of the great Lost Cause. Other than that, the American store of history consists of the latest O.J. story, some sports statistics, and the complete lyrics to the theme songs to *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Gilligan's Island*. We have forgotten who we are, and when our hegemonist elites decide to bomb or starve some other people, we do not know who, let alone where, these people are.

Until the Civil War, American national consciousness was primarily regional and local; shared ethnic origins in the British Isles was assumed. In retrospect, we can now say the heyday of a unified American identity was the interval between the end of Reconstruction and the end of World War II; that identity was defined by ethnicity (Northwest European) and religion (Protestant), as well as by shared historical experience. Immigration during this period was almost exclusively European, and to the extent that it increasingly consisted of Eastern and Southern Europeans and non-Protestants, the immigrants were expected to Americanize, that is, dress, talk, and act like WASPs. Today, we give lip-service the WASP principles upon which this Republic was built while vilifying as racist the notion that WASP ethnicity has any relationship to American nationality. The result is progressive Balkanization: the multiculturalism of the left and the pluralism of the neoconservatives, which, as Joe Sobran has noted, are pretty much the same thing. In short, we have accepted the notion that the United States is not the home of a distinct people but a community of shared ideals, as interpreted by the elites—ideals that are available for export.

Unlike European countries, we have never had a monarch, a nobility, an established church. We really do believe in every man a king. Among the consequences is the fact that such elites as we do have tend to exercise their power not by open appeal to their legitimate authority (because they cannot) but by manipulation of images: Joseph Goebbels, meet Madison Avenue. We are suckers for the claim that any social institution based on privilege, tradition, or, worst of all, discrimination must be destroyed. When the internationalist elites call for making the world safe for democracy, they are singing our song. We are ever ready to "level the playing field" on behalf of the little guy, the underdog, or the victim, a propensity artfully mobilized first by the Croats and then even more effectively by the Muslims in the Yugoslav war. In its extreme, this phenomenon takes the form, as Joe Sobran has described it, of an inversion of sympathies, an altruistic identification with the other against one's own: the alien against the native, the non-European against the European, the non-Christian against the Christian.

Americans like to bask in their self-image of rough-and-ready, free-living individualism: Don't tread on me. However accurate that might have been at one time, it is not so now. Despite the fact that Americans are increasingly suspicious of their public institutions and are increasingly aware that their laws are made not by elected representatives but by nonelected judges and bureaucrats, it would seldom occur to most Americans to disobey their illegitimate edicts. Indeed, the more fundamentally decent and traditionally-minded Americans are precisely those who are most obedient to commands from on high that undermine their core values. Their respect for the law, ordinarily a virtue, is used against them by the lawless. This phenomenon is particularly evident among Southern families with strong traditions of military service, whose sons (and now daughters) are sent abroad to risk their lives not for the defense of their homeland but for a globalist agenda.

Even as Americans have abandoned Puritanism for hedonism as their guiding principle for good living, they have not given up their assumption that the essential question in any conflict is figuring out who are the white hats and who are the black hats. This tendency, coupled with a naive faith in our own national righteousness—truth, justice, and the American way—plus ignorance of the outside world, plays into the hands of the hegemonist elite.

In general, Congress—members and staff of both established parties—might be seen as occupying a middle ground between the people and the political elite. Some of the inhabitants of Capitol Hill fully share in the dominant internationalist mindset, others are fellow-travelers, and still others attempt to oppose it, usually unsuccessfully. Three influences on Congress, as well as the Executive Branch, deserve mention.

Among the two most potent foreign lobbies on Capitol Hill are those pleading the causes of Israel and the pro-Western Muslim states, notably Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf oil monarchies. It is often wrongly assumed that these lobbies are mutually antagonistic, when in fact their interests, while certainly not identical, are often congruent. This congruence was most evident during the Persian Gulf War and has affected America's pro-Muslim policy in the Balkans. The latter reflects the obvious sympathies of our Muslim client states, the cynical

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but skillful manipulation (as the Israeli analyst Yohanan Ramati has pointed out) by Croatian and Muslim propaganda of holocaust themes to mobilize American Jewish opinion, and the desire of some Israeli policymakers to be in accord with American support for friendly, pro-Western Islamic states. Summing up this orientation in the *New York Times* (January 2, 1996), in an op-ed with the revealing title of "The Third American Empire," Jacob Heilbrunn and Michael Lind, both editors at the *New Republic*, wrote:

> The fact that the United States is more enthusiastic than its European allies about a Bosnian Muslim state reflects, among other things, the new American role as the leader of an informal collection of Muslim nations from the Persian Gulf to the Balkans. The regions once ruled by the Ottoman Turks show signs of becoming the heart of a third American empire.

Perhaps partly a function of historical and geographic illiteracy, most American policymakers seem to have trouble with the notion of a world characterized by several competing powers, similar in many respects to that of pre-1914, though today the powers are mostly non-European. Additionally, there is a heavy element of inertia, particularly among those associated with the defense establishment: postcommunist Russia may not be the Soviet Union, but it is the best we can come up with. Awareness that the Cold War was itself the latest unfortunate installment of the fratricidal intra-Christian, intra-European self-immolation (which, with the toll of both world wars and internal repression by totalitarianism, has cost us tens of millions of the best people our civilization has produced) is almost nonexistent; on the contrary, the thrust of American policy is not to unify Europe but to set it at daggers against itself yet again.

As a rule, each country in Europe feels entitled to look down its nose on its immediate neighbor to the east. Several countries, notably Russia, Poland, Germany, and Croatia, like to flatter themselves with the notion that they are Europe's eastern bulwark against the Asiatic hordes. The Poles consider the Russians barbarians, the Germans believe they are superior to all Slavs, the French see Germans as the uncouth Hun, and, in British eyes, the wogs begin at Calais. In America, this phenomenon manifests itself in the vague notion that the "West" is synonymous with a host of Goodthink concepts (enlightenment, progress, democracy, etc.) and the "East" with their antitheses. An important reinforcement of this notion was the supposition, during the Cold War, that communism was somehow more natural to Eastern Europeans (i.e., "Bohunks") than it is to people that are more like us. There is also an identifiable bias among American elites, particularly in the media, against national cultures based on Eastern Orthodox Christianity and perhaps against Orthodoxy itself. The upshot is that in the conflicts that define the line between the European and non-European world—notably in the Balkans, in the Caucasus, and in Central Asia, where Orthodox nations are in conflict with Islam—the hegemonist elite is almost uniformly hostile to the Christian, European side. NATO expansion up to Europe's East/West fault line, with Orthodox countries excluded, should be seen in the same light.

As both Alain Besançon (*The Rise of the Gulag: Intellectual Origins of Leninism*) and Igor Shafarevich (*The Socialist Phenomenon*) have shown, among the characteristic features of modern ideologies, of socialism in particular, is a completely closed, circular system of thought. Indeed, it might be more correct to refer to a nullification of thought, an antidote to rational discourse and description of social and political phenomena. What appeared instead was epitomized by Marxism-Leninism, a dualistic pseudo-reality where words and concepts are given a special ideological significance distinct from their normal real-world meanings and which insists that the real world conform to the ideological vision. Ideology does not appear fully mature, like Athena springing from the forehead of Zeus, but rather, as Besançon observed, becomes apparent when

> it has attained its pure, developed form, [having] gone through a historical cycle. The history of ideology could

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The Machine

by Richard Moore

Dictator? You'd abort him?
Offend those who support him?
The rich, accepting offers,
benefit, fill his coffers,

liking the gourmet wines
bought with their wells and mines,
laborers free to hide
in plundered countryside . . .

He's found The Golden Fleece.
It arms, pays his police
and keeps haters and hated
terrorized, lubricated.

The Nations with a frown
cry, Naughty! Pull him down!—
would take apart and clean
that beautiful machine

they helped him build: their hollers
get them more oil, more dollars.
Some spoilsport grunts and kicks it.
If it ain't broke, don't fix it.

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> be compared to the different successive stages in the lives of certain parasites, which go through a cycle which is apparently capricious, but which is in fact necessary to their complete development. They must, for instance, go through a river mollusc, then pass into a sheep, and finally lodge, not without deleterious effects, in the body of a human. [In the case of ideology, the host organism is a nation], whence it will return to the river. At every change of location, there is an equivalent change of form.

At this point, I think it is possible to state that the third child of the 20th century, the sibling of communism and national socialism, is finally reaching its ideological synthesis. That ideology, which I will call by the name it has proudly chosen for itself, democratic capitalism, having completed its incubation period and outlasted its rivals—and indeed having absorbed a number of their impulses and even, in many cases, their former personnel, much as in the post-World War II period, in many European countries, former fascists flocked to the Communist Party—is finally taking center stage as the ruling ethos of the world's only surviving superpower. While it would take another Besançon writing another *The Rise of the Gulag* to detail what may be an incipient totalitarianism, three key features deserve comment.

Marxism-Leninism styled itself the champion of peace, progress, and socialism, terms that had meaning only within the closed world of ideology. Likewise democratic capitalism touts as its principles a trinity of democracy, human rights, and free markets, the latter being very broad and encompassing exchange of people—i.e., unrestricted immigration—as well as goods and services. These concepts do not necessarily have any relationship to the normal, nonideological meaning of the words and are in fact endlessly manipulated by the political elite. Democracy does not mean simply broad participation of citizens in the business of governance, but is an ideological concept that encompasses the progressive social content of the popular decision. Accordingly, if the citizens of California vote to withdraw benefits to illegal aliens or to repeal affirmative action, or if voters in Colorado prohibit localities from passing gay rights ordinances, this is not an exercise of democracy but a *violation* of democracy, and the courts are obligated to overturn the vote. Likewise, if the Danes vote against the Maastricht agreement, they have to vote again until they get it right; the same thing happened in Ireland on the question of divorce. Free markets generally do not mean just the private exchange of goods and services for mutual benefit but encompass, for instance, the right of financial elites closely tied to the government to have their risks underwritten by their less-well-off fellow-citizens, as in the Mexican bailout; profits are privatized, losses socialized. As was the case with communism, the core concepts are understood to be manifest in an inevitable global march of progress toward (in Francis Fukuyama's famous phrase) the "end of history." We are building Utopia.

Morality is a function not of objective behavior but of the place of the actor within the ideological system. Marxism-Leninism expressed the concept in terms of *kto-kogo*, "who-whom," and Maoism employed it to the extent of recognizing entire nations as either progressive or reactionary. We see the same dualistic concept applied by the democratic capitalists today: if Iraq kills Kurds, it is bad; if Turkey kills Kurds, it is good. If Muslims and Croats want to secede from Yugoslavia, it is democracy; if Serbs (and now, Croats) want to leave Bosnia, it is aggression. If NATO warplanes overfly Bosnian Serb territory, the Serb air defenses are a threat to the planes, but the planes are not themselves threatening. The Soviet Union, as leader of the "socialist camp," authoritatively judged states and their actions within this dualist scheme during the Cold War, and the United States, having assumed leadership of the "international community," makes similar judgments today. The *kto-kogo* parallel with communism even extends to the domestic sphere, with, for example, the Bolshevik concept of the "socially friendly," i.e., common criminals that the regime considered class allies against the bourgeoisie. We see a similar phenomenon in what Samuel Francis has called "anarcho-tyranny," meaning the seemingly helpless posture assumed by the reigning authorities in the face of real crime (murder, rape, drug dealing) as juxtaposed with the brutality to which ordinary citizens are often subjected.

In general, while the use of force is available to the elites, more useful is the employment of secondary concepts and movements such as feminism, environmentalism, homosexualism, consumerism, evolutionism, hedonism, educationism, antidiscriminationism, etc. They are used to further destroy traditional moral restraints, the family, and national identity, leaving an atomized population without resistance to ideological direction. Force is less necessary than it was in the case of communism or national socialism: there is no need (yet) to jail or commit to punitive psychiatry Joseph Sobran or Samuel Francis—only to brand them as being outside the mainstream. As one policy analyst has put it, the main levers of control are not Pavlovian but Freudian, the message more subliminal than conscious. A symptom of the tension between rulers and ruled is the prevalence of conspiracy theories (usually involving the Council on Foreign Relations, the Trilateral Commission, etc.), which, as Francis has observed, fall into the error of mistaking for ruling organizations the organizations to which the ruling elites often belong.

Finally, while the United States is without doubt the main host for the globalist ideology (analogous, in the case of communism, with the Soviet Union), it is not the only one. One of the sharp divisions among the hegemonist elites is whether, as the Clinton administration believes, the United States should be the principal enforcer for an international order legitimated by the United Nations, or whether, as the neoconservatives believe, the United Nations should be brought into line with the dictates of a hegemonist United States.

It is hard to say whether the above consolidation of power is already an accomplished fact, or whether it is still short of its completed form. Has the United States already been irrevocably transformed into a second evil empire or not? I can say that even today in Washington it is almost impossible to have a serious discussion with most policymakers about our country's interests without entering the world of pseudoreality, without being treated to an endless ode to the shared values of democracy, human rights, and free markets, along with a defense of the righteousness of forcibly sharing them with lesser breeds. I concede that one of the disabilities of living and working in the capital of the New World Order is a lack of appreciation for the common sense that I trust still remains in the country at large, which some believe will eventually beat back the ideological tide. Conversely, I submit that those living in the real America—which I assume is out there somewhere—little suspect how bad things really are. I would be glad to be proved wrong. ©

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The Lincoln Legacy

by Michael Hill

"If the general government should persist in the measures now threatened, there must be war. It is painful to discover with what unconcern they speak of war, and threaten it. They seem not to know what its horrors are."

—Stonewall Jackson

Emancipating Slaves, Enslaving Free Men: A History of the American Civil War
by Jeffrey Rogers Hummel
Chicago: Open Court Press;
421 pp., $39.95

◆

On balance, Jeffrey Rogers Hummel has written a provocative and much-needed book on what Southerners prefer to call the War for Southern Independence or simply Mr. Lincoln's War. Hummel, a libertarian history professor at Golden Gate University in San Francisco, postulates that "ultimate responsibility for the enormous bloodshed [from 1861-65] rests squarely on the President's shoulders." And of course he is correct, for Abraham Lincoln, acting as an agent for Northeastern plutocrats, made war on the South in order to force the seceded states back into the Union so they could be exploited by what John Taylor of Caroline called "the Aristocracy of Paper and Patronage."

It goes without saying that in regard to the war the victors, especially New Englanders, have written its history, and the South has quite naturally been blamed for starting the whole affair because of its insistence on preserving its "peculiar institution." While Hummel denounces slavery and the entire nation's role in its perpetuation, he is quick to point out that the institution could probably have been ended by means short of war, had

Anatol Wolff

Lincoln and the Republicans desired it. After all, in the Western Hemisphere only Haiti (1803-04) and the United States (1861-65) resorted to widespread armed conflict to destroy slavery. But a more salient point is raised by historian Eugene Genovese, who notes that Southern slaveholders "mounted the first and only serious critique of the totalitarian tendencies that have run wild in our century." Such a historical inconvenience as this, largely ignored by scholars, must be addressed if we are ever to get close to the truth about the complex issue of slavery in American history. In not tackling this problem, Hummel commits one of his few errors.

But slavery was not the paramount issue that led the North to invade the Confederacy; rather, it was the restoration of a perpetual and indivisible Union. Lincoln had absorbed the cockeyed theory of a consolidated nation offered up in the 1830's by Daniel Webster and Justice Joseph Story, and his extreme nationalism put him at odds with the Southern states' rights school of thought. The latter theory of the Constitution holds that sovereign states acceded to a voluntary union by the will of the *citizens of the separate states*. Nowhere can it be found that *the people* in the aggregate (as claimed by Webster and Story) were the locus of sovereignty in the American system. John C. Calhoun, America's greatest statesman, understood that "The general Government emanated from the people of the several States, forming distinct political communities, and acting in their separate and sovereign capacity, and not from all of the people forming one aggregate political community."

That the association of states under both the Articles of Confederation and the subsequent Constitution was *voluntary* was well understood by the Founding Fathers. The several states agreed to enter the union on the understanding, sometimes explicitly enunciated, that they would be able to depart on their own volition if conditions became detrimental to their specific interests; in other words, that to which they acceded they could at any time secede from. By virtue of their position as principals in the federal compact, the states held a su-

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perior position over their agent, Calhoun's "general Government," thus compelling the latter to be the servant of the former. However, almost from the beginning of this bargain, men of both factions—Federalists and Republicans—realized that in a federal system it was likely that either the states would drain all power from the general government or vice versa. Most of them feared the latter scenario much more than they did the former, and good men from Thomas Jefferson to Jefferson Davis understood the perils of consolidated government.

In its attempt to preserve the idea and practice of local self-government, the South in the 1850's moved closer to secession as a last remedy against an increasingly hostile North. The new Republican Party, a refuge for fanatical Abolitionists bent on undermining a Constitution that protected slavery and for grasping plutocrats intent upon government subsidies for a transcontinental railroad, picked the sores of Bleeding Kansas and provoked a savage confrontation in Kansas and Missouri that prefigured the general conflict to come. But it was Lincoln's election in November 1860 that resolved South Carolina and six other Deep South states to leave the Union and form the Confederate States of America. And contrary to historical orthodoxy, it was secession—and not slavery—that led to open warfare the following April.

Though Lincoln had in the 1840's defended the idea of states' rights and secession on the floor of the House of Representatives, he now stood firmly against those founding principles. He was prepared to use violence to pervert a once-voluntary Union into one in which the states would be held against their will. Lincoln's primary concern turned on the economic issue: he well understood that the North's fledgling industrial economy was dependent on revenue generated from Southern agricultural exports (three-quarters of all American exports in 1860 were made from Southern ports). Indeed, Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor became the initial flashpoint exactly because of Lincoln's insistence on the continued collection of the tariff, even after South Carolina's secession. He is said to have asked Colonel William Baldwin, a representative to the White House from the Virginia state government, "What will become of my tariff?"

Since the inception of Henry Clay's "American System," which advocated the central government's promotion of economic growth through internal improvements, increasingly high tariffs, and a national bank, the economic lines between an industrial North and an agrarian South had become more distinct. The North favored protectionism and the South free trade, and the two systems could not coexist. The tariff became the central issue in the debate simply because it was a tax on imported goods that aided fledgling Northern industry while making manufactured goods more expensive for Southern consumers. The transfer of wealth from South to North after this fashion was too tempting for special interests to ignore, and they saw in the Republican Party a vehicle that could facilitate this transference. Even before he was elected President in 1860, Lincoln was already firmly in the pocket of Northern businessmen who sought to use the general government as a means of circumventing the Constitution in favor of a policy of protectionism. Three decades earlier, John C. Calhoun had wisely proposed a modest and reasonable tariff of 20 percent as a means of raising revenue; however, as early as 1816 there were those who saw that the tariff might be used not only to raise revenue but to protect industry against foreign competition. Indeed, South Carolina was forced to nullify the 1828 "Tariff of Abominations" that raised rates to a harmful 61 percent. The Compromise of 1833 saw the tariff lowered to pre-1828 levels, and on the eve of Lincoln's election the American economy had enjoyed a lengthy period of declining tariff rates and a corresponding rise in manufacturing productivity.

In the late 1850's, the Republican Party platform included the most significant tariff increase since 1828. Elected over the complete opposition of the anti-tariff South, Lincoln in 1861 pushed through Congress (minus the votes of the seceded Southern states) the infamous Morrill Tariff Act, more than doubling the rate to 47 percent. But after the Confederate government fired on Fort Sumter in April as a means of showing Lincoln that he was not going to collect any taxes in South Carolina, the idea of a high tariff lost its appeal. Simply put, because the North no longer had the Southern states from which to expropriate wealth, the tariff meant in effect that the North would be reduced to plundering itself. To make up the projected revenue shortfall, Lincoln and the Republicans introduced the first income tax and a host of other constitutionally questionable financial measures (Legal Tender Act, National Banking Acts, etc.) and thus began looting those citizens unfortunate enough to come under federal jurisdiction.

Not only does Hummel go to great lengths to point out Lincoln's financial and economic shenanigans, but he catalogues the Old Railsplitter's other violations of the Constitution as well. In opposition to Secretary of State Seward and General Winfield Scott, Lincoln determined to hold the Union together by force if necessary, a position that clearly violated both the letter and spirit of the original compact. "The Union of these states," he wrongly proclaimed in his first Inaugural Address, "is perpetual . . . and . . . I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the states." In Lincoln's mind the South had fomented an unconstitutional "rebellion." Concluding his address, he gave the new Southern Confederacy an ominous warning: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of *civil war*. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without yourselves being the aggressors." But no sooner had Lincoln finished speaking than he ordered a relief expedition to resupply Fort Sumter. He had instructed Seward to reassure Jefferson Davis that federal troops would soon be evacuated; thus the Confederate President had been able to persuade the impatient South Carolinians to desist from firing on the fort. But once Lincoln's duplicity became clear and the Yankee commander at Sumter refused one last call to surrender, the Confederate cannon opened fire. And we are all taught that the Confederacy was responsible for starting the war.

Had Lincoln determined to uphold his oath of office in regard to the Constitution, then he would have had no choice but to bid the seceded states farewell. Unfortunately, he was not a constitutionalist, but a politician who placed the interest of his party above that of the Republic. The quest to save the Union and free the slaves was used to mask the aggrandizement of the Republican Party and to create the centralized state that still burdens us today. That

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the North's choice of war over disunion destroyed the American people's right to self-government and created on the ruins of our ancient liberties an imperial state did not escape the notice of historian William Appleman Williams. "Simply put," he wrote, "the cause of the Civil War was the refusal of Lincoln and other northerners to honor the revolutionary right of self-determination—the touchstone of the American Revolution."

Mr. Lincoln's revolution of 1861 was of the Jacobin variety and thus in no way reflected the "revolutionary" spirit of our own Founders. M.E. Bradford points out in his essay "The Lincoln Legacy: A Long View" (1980) that the Yankee President misappropriated the equality clause of the Declaration of Independence in order to substitute a Jacobin doctrine of universal rights for the hard lessons of experience learned over many generations. By championing an American version of the universal rights of man (particularly egalitarianism, Shakespeare's "universal wolf"), Lincoln, claims Bradford, changed the nature of American political discourse forever. "In this universe of discourse," Bradford informs us, "this closed linguistic system, all questions are questions of ends, and means are beside the point. And every 'good cause' is a reason for increasing the scope of government. All that counts is the *telos*, the general objective, and bullying is not merely allowed, but required." In our own day, we see the ultimate result of ends over means in a judiciary and bureaucracy that has become quite adept at "bullying" the American people to achieve whatever *telos* our Jacobin ruling class decides is meet.

As long as we pay homage to the destroyers rather than to the benefactors of civilization, we shall continue to celebrate the Lincoln legacy. But once the myth of Northern benevolence—and in contradistinction, Southern wickedness—from 1861-65 is exposed for the lie that it is, it will be much easier to explain to the descendants of both why we have suffered the demise of liberty and prosperity in direct proportion to the steady increase in an imperial government's control of our lives and property. We might well remember that the sacred eagle worshiped by the legions of imperial Rome as the *bellorum deus* is also the totem of the current American Empire. But the imperial Roman legions at least behaved according to the precept that a military commander dare not be too successful in conquering neighboring provinces lest he show up the Emperor. Such restraint convinced men that the eagle's talons would not be bared to further conquest and destruction but to preserve the existing order of civilization.

Unlike Imperial Rome, the American eagle's talons have been made bloody for the past 130 years in tearing to shreds all that dare oppose its rule, and the carnage began with Lincoln's destruction of the South. Subsequent American imperial ventures all have followed the same course, more or less, in that they have sought conquest and influence and not peace and humane order. Perhaps it is for this reason that Professor Hummel concludes that after the North's triumph in 1865 "there would be no more victories of Liberty over Power. In contrast to the whittling away of government that had preceded Fort Sumter, the United States had commenced its halting but inexorable march toward the welfare-warfare State of today." And, as his title suggests, men once free have become slaves under the *Pax Americana*.

C

Poems

by Richard Moore

Feminist Advice to a Young Woman Poet

Virginity, still in your diaper,
not lost? Your daddy didn't take it?
Dearie, the times couldn't be riper.
Hop up on our bandwagon! Fake it!

The Sentimentalist

She's belled her puss. Isn't that nice.
That alarmed cat won't torture mice,
and it is not apparent that
that tinkling bell tortures the cat.

The Social Animal

Than any member more resilient,
a group of men acquires a group *id*
that sometimes makes its members brilliant,
more often murderous and stupid.

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Reluctance at Reveille

by John Attarian

One World, Ready or Not: The Manic Logic of Global Capitalism
by William Greider
New York: Simon & Schuster; 528 pp., $27.50

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The global industrial revolution being engineered by multinational firms and the dismantling of international trade barriers have produced wrenching social changes and will unleash more. *Rolling Stone* National Editor William Greider, author of *Secrets of the Temple* (on the Federal Reserve) and *Who Will Tell the People* (on contemporary politics), here surveys global capitalism and its "contradictions," and offers reforms to rectify them.

Greider's central message is a "reasoned warning": global capitalism "appears to be running out of control toward some sort of abyss." While technological progress propels capitalism's global revolution, its "dirty little secret" is its tendency to depress a firm's rate of return per unit of output. Driven therefore to reduce costs, capitalism is shifting production to low-wage countries—simultaneously creating excess capacity and supply and suppressing demand. Hence it is haunted by the possibility of a crisis of overproduction, and the more it cuts costs at labor's expense, the more likely the crisis becomes. Finance capital, "the Robespierre of this revolution," churning from country to country, destabilizes things further.

The cost-minimization drive is creating "tax arbitrage," whereby firms play cities, states, and even nations off against each other, locating where tax breaks are highest. Developing countries, meanwhile, extract favors from firms—for example, requiring Boeing to give them a share of input production, advanced technology, and know-how in exchange for buying Boeing aircraft. Asian countries are emulating Japan's development model: high-quality exports and heavily-protected domestic markets. This only works, though, as long as America serves as "buyer of last resort," absorbing the resulting trade surpluses. But, Greider warns, America, her purchasing power falling, is becoming unable to prop up the global economy.

Greider finds finance capital equally irrational. Not only are governments assuming bad private debts, but finance capital and currency speculators such as George Soros are powerful enough to overwhelm governments. Speculative capital's entry into a country can spark an unsustainable boom; its abrupt exit can inflict credit starvation and collapse. Such was the case with Mexico, whose economic implosion, which Greider narrates in harrowing, eyewitness detail, has abundantly justified NAFTA's critics. Finance capital's irrationality is epitomized by the Third World countries' external debt, soaring beyond hope of repayment, to an estimated $1,945 billion by the early 1990's.

A good journalist, Greider is highly informative on globalization and its problems. His visits and interviews in Germany, China, Malaysia, Mexico, and elsewhere greatly enhance his credibility. One of this book's great merits is its exposure of the chasm between free-market rhetoric and the realities of inter-firm cooperation to lessen competition, and of pervasive government involvement in managed trade, production decisions, and finance.

Much of Greider's book is welcome. His warnings about chronic trade imbalances and destabilizing speculation-driven capital movements are cogent. So is his argument that America must halt "unbalanced trade that is draining national wealth," and focus on "defending the U.S. industrial structure and employment, not the U.S. multinationals themselves." Many of his proposals—a small transaction tax on international capital flows; Third World debt forgiveness; emergency tariffs to rectify radical trade imbalances; a constitutional amendment forbidding tax favors for industrial investment; abolition of the World Bank, International Monetary Fund, and Export-Import Bank—are sensible. Moved by the "barbarity" of working conditions in developing countries, Greider argues eloquently for labor's rights.

Unfortunately, Greider's economics are badly muddled. Bemoaning excess capacity and oversupply, he demonstrates only the former. His incessant assertion that Western wages are declining rests on confusion of displacement of labor to lower-paying jobs with "falling wages"—a term which, used properly, means jobs paying lower wages than before. He blames the Depression on overproduction and underconsumption, fallacies which Murray Rothbard's *America's Great Depression* explodes, and calls Federal Reserve policy in the 1920's "extremely restrictive," when it was actually inflationary. His proposal for higher taxes on skilled labor would stupidly punish intelligence.

Greider's analytical perspective is essentially Marxist economic determinism—forces and relations of production drive everything—and merely globalizes *Das Kapital*'s "crisis of overproduction." He would have done better to forsake this long-exploded rubbish and invoke international trade theory's factor-price equalization theorem, which states that free trade will equalize factor prices, such as wages, between countries, and show how globalization promotes this. The grinding-down of American wages, induced by globalization, and living standards is a legitimate concern. Unlike Marx's "crisis of overproduction," factor-price equalization isn't a handy peg for doomsaying, but it has the merit of soundness. Yet Greider ignores it.

He does show, unintentionally, that globalization and paleoconservatism are mortal enemies. But paleocons who think they have found an ally in Greider should think twice. Echoing *The Communist Manifesto*, he lauds the bourgeoisie's culturally revolutionary role, demolishing insularity, promoting multiculturalism. Globalization, he rejoices, "is visibly dismantling enduring stereotypes of race and culture, ancient assumptions of supremacy"—which, he plausibly argues, is its "most radical dimension." Hence American politics' "preoccupation . . . with race and cultural superiority seemed ludicrous, out of touch and perhaps dangerous."

Deriding "right-wingers who continue to rant occasionally about 'one-worlders' subverting American sovereignty," he fears that capitalism's crisis will provoke

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"narrow, nationalistic protectionism based on racial and cultural nativism," and perhaps fascism. Fascism arose, he argues, in response to dislocations caused by capitalism—yet fascism was weakest where economic liberalism was strongest, and vice versa.

But Greider has a larger agenda. Understanding globalization's "deepest social meaning" to be that we are citizens of one world, Greider calls for a "global humanism" grounded in the reality that "we are all in this together." He wants "equitable"—meaning egalitarian—distribution. While speculating that global industrialization and affluence are economically and environmentally untenable, he seems to deem affluence a universal entitlement. Universalizing capital ownership and recycling waste produced by "closed-loop" production processes are his favored escapes from the bind. One wonders how all this could be implemented without a global superstate of unprecedented power.

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Pedophiles, Ephebophiles, Ecclesiophobes

by Ellen Wilson Fielding

Pedophiles and Priests: Anatomy of a Contemporary Crisis
by Philip Jenkins
New York: Oxford University Press; 214 pp., $27.50

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Surveying the clergy sex scandals of the past decade, one is reminded of Christ's prediction that "from him who does not have, even that which he seems to have shall be taken away" (Matthew 25:29). The rather prurient glee with which the media have covered these cases—primarily those involving Roman Catholic priests—highlights as it exacerbates the low morale of priests in the post-Vatican II world of dwindling numbers and confusion about their role. Kick 'em when they're down—that's the media way.

The cases, of course, exist, though not all accusations have proved true. The notorious false accusation against Cardinal Bernardin of Chicago marked the moral low point, and tabloid circulation high water mark, of the run of priestly pedophile stories. What remains unclear from media coverage is how common priestly pedophilia actually is, whether the incidence is significantly higher than in the past, whether the incidence varies greatly among religious denominations, how they are related (or unrelated) to current political footballs like priestly celibacy, and to what extent the priestly perpetrators are rehabilitable.

Enter Philip Jenkins, a professor of history and religious studies at Pennsylvania State University and no stranger to these pages. In *Pedophiles and Priests*, Jenkins (who is not a Catholic) brings great coolness and a laudable ability to make fine distinctions within a normally overheated and polemical topic. Those inhabiting the world of the clergy and religious journalism, as well as fair-minded media critics, will be glad to consult this book to understand what precisely is going on and why it is being reported in this way. Jenkins' book is not an inventory of contemporary sexual abuse by the clergy but a retracing of the journalistic route taken by these stories and an informed look at how priestly pedophilia became, in the late 1980's and early 90's, a media-certified crisis.

Like many journalistic injustices, the overwhelmingly Catholic portrayal of sexual abuse by the clergy was in part accidental. It is true, as the author shows, that the celibacy/pedophilia "connection" was initially seized on by the liberal Catholic press, which had its own ax to grind, and true also that the conservative Catholic press saw in priestly sex scandals of every variety evidence that the post-Vatican II Church had fallen down on the job of properly weeding out seminary applicants and of appropriately disciplining and spiritually forming its priests. In addition, sex scandals involving priests gain a frisson of excitement from a long history of anti-Catholic material of the Maria Monk variety, full of secret tunnels between convents and monasteries, sadomasochistic scourgings, and seductions in the confessional (a very uncomfortable place for them, I would have thought).

Yet the resolve of the secular media to treat priestly pedophilia as a specially Catholic problem also owed much to seemingly neutral and nonpolitical factors, such as the greater ease in assigning responsibility upward in a hierarchical chain of blame when dealing with a highly centralized Church, and the centralized coffers that proved available for settling lawsuits by the victims of abuse. By contrast, isolated instances of abuse by ministers of local congregations were likely to remain just that—isolated—in their coverage and effect.

Jenkins argues that the vocabulary chosen by journalists in covering sex scandals by priests, the spokesmen selected, the footage used—all played off negative images of the Catholic Church as a closed secret society, a religious "Mafia." The David-and-Goliath image of an accuser confronting a priest backed by a huge complex organization was reinforced by terms like "whistle-blowers" and references to the *Exxon Valdez* or Watergate. Television footage lingered on stained glass, incense, and vestments—so much more exotic than the accoutrements of the Church's post-Reformation cousins.

Before and even into the decade of the 1970's, the news media almost universally covered up church scandals (as they did scandals involving other reputable institutions, like the Boy Scouts, and famous individuals, like adulterous Presidents). In the post-Watergate era, news coverage became increasingly sensational, and media entertainment—novels, television, movies—more explicit. At this juncture, the liberal, hierarchy-baiting *National Catholic Reporter* assembled a group of priestly pedophile stories in a June 1985 issue that traced a pattern of (as Jenkins summarizes it) "uncaring and hostile diocesan authorities, of bruising litigation, and of a church that defended its priests while treating parishioners as liars or enemies." Secular media began covering incidents of sexual abuse by clergy as part of a religious and institutional Catholic crisis. And like the *National Catholic Reporter*, secular journalists and the experts they chose to show off did not distinguish between true pedophilia (lusting after prepubescent boys) and other kinds of sexual abuse involving clergymen and adolescents, or young adults of either sex.

Those experts solicited for their comments in the late 1980's helped cement the stereotype of this being a Catholic problem because they were themselves Catholics or ex-Catholics or had repre-

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sented Catholic victims in litigation against the Church. They described the cases, milieus, and motivations most familiar to them. Not surprisingly, the media and their audiences came away with the impression that sexual abuse by the clergy was primarily an unfortunate result of the unwise practice of priestly celibacy and that it was reaching epidemic proportions.

In attempting to arrive at trustworthy, nonhyperbolic numbers, the author walks the reader through the distinction between pedophiles and ephebophiles, who are attracted to pubescent boys, typically in their mid-teens, when questions of consent become a bit more problematic and the possibility of the therapeutic treatment and rehabilitation of priests more likely. He then moves on to a painstaking analysis of available figures, concluding that "less than 2 percent of all serving American priests are or have been involved with minors . . . with the great majority of this group being homosexual ephebophiles." All of which indicates that the "crisis," though horrific for those involved, is very narrowly contained. Like earlier panics over missing children and ritual abuse in daycare centers, the media's picture of an overwhelming temptation of the Catholic priesthood issuing in large-scale pedophilia is grotesquely exaggerated. Yet the fallout in litigation costs, in disillusionment and distrust, in lowered morale for a self-questioning clergy, is immense.

In the concluding chapter of *Pedophiles and Priests*, Philip Jenkins writes: "Inevitability is not a concept with which historians feel comfortable, but a clergy-abuse problem was to say the least extremely likely to occur during the mid-1980s." He bases this view on a combination of stresses within the Church and between the Church and society, as the process of assimilation undergone by other religions and partially accomplished by American Catholics was at last frustrated by a nondemocratic and international ecclesial structure that resisted going all the way with modernity. His own conclusions on the effect of clerical sex abuse on vocations, on a vibrant parish life, and on the relation between Catholic families and their priests are pessimistic—unnecessarily so, we may devoutly hope.

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The Poetry Lover

by Robert Beum

Beyond the Muse of Memory
by Laurence Lieberman
Columbia: University of Missouri Press; 304 pp., $24.95

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Laurence Lieberman's two dozen essays on contemporary American poets—some (Robert Lowell, Robert Penn Warren) well known, others (Mark Strand, Frederick Morgan) not—are written in the self-expressive and dithyrambic mode of D.H. Lawrence and James Dickey. Lieberman wants literary criticism to be "personal and instinctively charged," to carry an "electric pulse that is nakedly alive." He has misgivings, not unwarranted, that the essays may seem "rather fragmentary and unfinished, rough-hewn."

Some of the best criticism ever written is a little on the fragmentary and rough-hewn side. A more serious problem is that dithyrambic criticism tends to be obtrusive, limiting, and uncritical. There are readers who do not object, but there is the possibility that they should. Even if it is all simply a matter of taste, it may be worthwhile to try to explain to those who welcome a clamorous and jumpy manner why some of us cannot join in.

It is not that we hate spontaneity, enthusiasm, or asymmetry. We have been guilty of those ourselves. But a quiet, even a dry manner in the critic allows us to slip in and, all on our own, notice what needs to be noticed. For us, the "electric pulse" is a joy only when it is all our own, coming right out of our response—no more than focused by the critic—to the poem itself. We do not want the pulse secondhand. One man's pulse is another man's short circuit. It has a tendency to become nothing more electric or romantic than hype.

Self-expressive criticism also succeeds all too often in short-circuiting understanding itself. Like most other dithyrambists, Lieberman forgets that before there can be dancers there has to be learning of steps. The idioms of modernist (and "postmodernist," which is still modernist) poetry are notoriously difficult (some poets solve the problem by insisting that one valid purpose of language is to avoid communication). Except for poetry strongly indebted to Imagism or to the prose tradition of "realism," modern poetry heaps on obscurities unblushingly, even tries to make them a virtue. Intelligent readers—or would-be readers—need first of all simply to understand: what the poem means at specific points; what a given line or image may contribute to the poem as a whole; why this particular poem may be more successful, or less so, than certain other comparable poems; what a particular poet's strengths and limitations seem to be. Effusive and primarily celebratory criticism just does not do enough to illuminate the fundamentals.

Lieberman's criticism is limiting in other ways too. It fails to convey the quality of the poem as an aesthetic whole, end-product of a glorious plenitude of imaginative and technical resources. A durable poem is *multum in parvo* and unity in diversity. The achievement deserves a dithyramb, but only after that little miracle has been demonstrated. If poetry is an art—if it has to some extent distanced itself from autobiography and personal "commitment," and if art means several elements working together—then a poem's expressed attitude is only one element and should not be allowed to tyrannize over the others, or over the critic's account of the poem. But in the dithyrambic approach the critic's enthusiasm is mostly a response to that implied—sometimes shouted—attitude, which is always correctly humanitarian or nihilistic, and to the mere fact that the idiom is modernist and therefore automatically something to be happy about.

In the abstract, love of spontaneity (or what seems such) sounds like something no one with head still on shoulders could possibly object to. But as a critical demand, spontaneity becomes limiting. Lieberman wants poems to give the impression that the poet is "thinking on his feet" or "soliloquizing in the heat of passion." He has no taste for tradition, convention, conservatism, restraint, tightly logical and formal construction, refinement and repose, the mask, aesthetic distance, epigrammatic *sagesse*. As it hardens, this typical American bias regards poetry as "bursts of passion," and poetry-as-art (Racine, Baudelaire, Yeats) as some sort of outmoded Old World thing, the sooner dropped the better. The bursts-of-passion doctrine is what gives us the late 20th century's vast nontreasure heaps of thin (but all too heavy),

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casual, sloppy, prolix instant poems where verbal brilliance and fresh, hardworking metaphor are censored as unrepresentative of democratic mediocrity.

Lieberman may well understand but he never touches on the idea that the effect of spontaneity, in poetry or anything else, usually requires the artifice, the structuring, of revision. Even Theodore Dreiser revised, though he still seems to drag the whole "real life" thing, with all its irrelevancies, banalities, stutterings, and redundancies, onto the page. Shelley's manuscripts show that he made numerous drafts of his seemingly extemporaneous lark song. Spontaneities—feelings, images, metaphors, rhythms, lines that spring right into the light and prove to be acceptable—are part of the operation, but they seldom make a whole poem that has a chance of lasting past the artificial life-support of grants-in-aid and clique puffery. What comes spontaneously is often what comes off the top of the head, or out of feelings not really sorted out. About what comes naturally there is nothing inherently rich and strange—which may explain why so many of the poems Lieberman admires are seldom rich (though often strange) and are democratically flat, leveled into the banal top-of-oneself made up of clichés, trendy jargon, and social-political Pavlov-words.

There is something satisfying about being allowed to reach one's own emotional and aesthetic conclusions. Lieberman has no need to insist on insisting that in "Suburban Surf" Robert Lowell achieves (my italics) "an *astonishing* new poesy"; that W.S. Merwin is a "*prince of* alchemists," one of whose later poems ("Gift," which some readers will find colorless and melodramatic) "approaches *ecstatic generosity* of spirit"; that Theodore Roethke—"I *shudder* every time I think of the poems he might have written had he lived"—is a poet of "*profound* humanness and tenderness"; that William Stafford possesses "*enduring* resources of human warmth and personal intimacy" (I thought humanists thought almost everyone possessed those qualities); that Frederick Morgan has a "*prodigious* reservoir of . . . intellectual resources" (many of us went to school and can read). Chekhov advised a fellow writer to "Try to be somewhat *colder*. . . . The more objective you are, the stronger will be the impression you make."

Lieberman does raise some interesting issues, especially in the three sections on Robert Lowell and in the essay on A.R. Ammons, which is the most intelligent commentary to date on that poet. Lieberman is also completely free of that cold egotism, now fashionable in the universities and everywhere in feminist criticism, which extols the divine gift of criticism and rises superior to the poems, whose sole justification is to provide material for the expatiation of one's own enlightenment and relevance. Lieberman does love the poems.

Robert Beum writes from Lincoln, Nebraska.

The New Bowdler's

by Mark Racho

The New Fowler's Modern English Usage, Third Edition
Edited by R.W. Burchfield
New York: Oxford University Press; 864 pp., $25.00

◆

So there is a new Fowler, or rather a Burchfield. It joins the list of beloved reference works corrupted or destroyed to placate our ignorance and our political sensibilities. Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* had many of its supposedly dated items excised to make room for television trivia. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* traded the wit and style of previous editions for turgid scientism. Now it is the turn of H.W. Fowler's *Modern English Usage* to go under the knife.

When Fowler was first revised by Sir Ernest Gowers in 1965, the body of work was left mostly untouched. Sir Ernest merely added the more obvious new usages and some amusing articles of his own—"abstractitis," "headline language." However, this new edition, apart from the robbery of his name, has nothing to do with Fowler, and its appearance indicates the extent to which the English language has been assaulted and polluted by the political commissar.

In 1965, Sir Ernest wrote a tribute to his predecessor in which he described Fowler's experience in the Great War and called his book incomparable; Dr. Burchfield, in his preface, chooses to insult Fowler. Fowler wrote in "isolation." His work is "vulnerable." "It is not, of course, as antiquated as Aelfric's grammar, nor yet as those of Ben Jonson and Robert Lowth. But it is a fossil all the same." (Burchfield also misspells the name of the school where Fowler taught—perhaps there is a "Sedburgh" in Burchfield's New Zealand; in Yorkshire there is Sedbergh).

By enlisting as a neutral in the great cultural war of our time, Dr. Burchfield has neglected his duty. There are scores of politically correct style handbooks on the market: Fowler is supposed to be the opposite, prescriptive rather than descriptive, cantankerous, suspicious of the new, and offensive to those whom Thomas Sowell calls the "anointed." In taking a Laodicean position, Dr. Burchfield has given aid and comfort to the enemy, and destroyed the spirit of the work he was supposed to be revising.

He says that he is not a pessimist: "I am sure that the English language is not collapsing—more severe changes have come about in the past centuries than any that have occurred in the twentieth century." This is disingenuous; previous linguistic changes, however "severe," occurred naturally and were not coerced. Changes were made on aesthetic, not political grounds. There were no grand schemes to purify the language. Today, our morality resides not in religion but in politics, and our politics have become our religion; the English language lies besieged by those for whom sin is denoted by class (upper), attitude (conservative), skin color (white), sex (male), faith (Christian), and sexual orientation (heterosexual). Singly, or in combination, these are the evils that are to be expunged from modern English usage.

The commonest words and usages are under attack. Fanatical editresses (as Fowler would have called them) search for the neutral "he" and "him" to change to "she" and "her." Hardened copy editors swoon at the sight of "Negro" or "housewife" or "chink" (I know someone who was brought up on charges at a university for writing the phrase "a chink in his armour"). "Gay" is gone, and "queer" is fast being lost. Even "black," as in "a black mood," "black with rage," "night's black agents," has been deemed offensive. We need Fowler—the real Fowler—more than ever.

Mark Racho writes from New York City.

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Letter From Pale

by Rajko Doleček

The War Industry

◆

There were two reasons for my visit to Belgrade last fall. His Beatitude, the Serbian Orthodox patriarch Lord Paul (82 years old), invited me to his official residence to honor me for "my endeavour to interpret objectively the all-Serbian tragedy." I was decorated with the Order of St. Sava I, the highest decoration of the Serbian Orthodox Church. The soft-spoken Lord Paul welcomed my wife and me very cordially. He expressed his sadness about the events in Yugoslavia: "I experience the suffering not only of our Serbian people, but of our Muslim and Croat brothers as well."

From Belgrade, we traveled as the official guests to the Republika Srpska, the Serbian part of Bosnia and Herzegovina. We were surprised by the relatively good quality of the road from the frontier town of Zvornik to Pale. The gas stations were well supplied, their prices were much lower than in Germany, or in our republic. Soon after leaving Zvornik, we saw many burned-down, mostly Muslim houses, on both sides of the road. It was the response to the massacres of Serbs by the Muslim militia, mostly from Srebrenica, which razed to the ground, during less than one year (1992-93), more than 30 Serbian villages. The less damaged houses were occupied by the Serbian refugees from Sarajevo. Instead of roofs, plastic sheets were used, anchored by stones. Windows—except for one, which was typically covered with plastic sheets to let some light inside—were covered with planks. Glass is almost nonexistent here. It was raining, with a lot of fog and mud around. At Sokolac, we stopped for a while in a nice café—the pizza there was among the best we ever had.

One can get from Belgrade to the municipality of Pale in four to five hours. It is approximately ten miles east of Sarajevo, whose inhabitants used to spend their weekends there before the war. There are many summer residences and bungalows, a few hotels, restaurants, small cafés. Before the war, Pale had about 15,000 inhabitants; now there are 40,000 or more. Their numbers increased markedly after the ethnic cleansing of Serbs from Sarajevo, as a consequence of the Dayton Peace Accord. There are still craters here from the NATO bombing of civilian targets, after the Muslim-staged explosion at Markale II on August 28, 1995.

We arrived at Pale just before nightfall, and our driver drove us to the mountain hotel Bistrica near the top of Jahorina mountain, built for the winter Olympic games in 1984. In spite of the four years of fighting near Sarajevo, the hotel was still in very good shape—clean, warm, and with a lot of lights. That evening I received the medal of Njegos, for organizing the humanitarian aid to Republika Srpska and for my fight against the flood of disinformation.

We were welcomed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Republika Srpska, Mr. Aleksa Buha, a university professor from Sarajevo before the war. To save his life, he had to leave his home hastily in 1992, losing all his property. He introduced us to Mr. Luka Popović, the president's Chief of Protocol. The ceremony was short and cordial, and both Serbian television and radio covered the event. During the dinner that followed, Mr. Buha talked about the Dayton dictate, imposed on the Bosnian Serbs in the same way as the Munich dictate was forced on Czechoslovakia in 1938. The loss of the Serbian parts of Sarajevo meant a loss of 30 to 40 percent of the industrial capacity of Republika Srpska. The plight of the Serb inhabitants (70,000 to 100,000) who had to leave their homes and all their property was immense. Before the war, Sarajevo was the second largest Serbian city, with only a slight Muslim majority. The Dayton dictate took away the almost ethnically pure areas around Drvar, Glamoč, Bosansko Grahovo, where the Serbs represented 80 to 90 percent of the whole population. There, in the Dinara mountains, the United States army established its shooting ranges and training camps. The Germans are also there—they committed many crimes here half a century ago, and nobody is embarrassed. The Dayton Accord absolutely forgot about the expelled Serbs from Mostar—they constituted one third of its inhabitants.

Republika Srpska desperately needs capital investments. The Yugoslav dinars and the German marks are used there. "The only things we export now are the timber and electricity," said Luka Popović:

> For one cubic meter of timber you get 150 marks. If it is in planks, it brings 300 marks. We have large deposits of bauxite, zinc, lead, and iron. We need just the industry and the transport system to start. We've got some financial help from our Serbs in Diaspora. From your Czech government and from your various government-sponsored humanitarian organizations, we did not get anything—all the help went just to the Muslims. During 1993, it was mainly their army that took most of the humanitarian aid. We admire the patience and the ability of our people to survive the catastrophic circumstances and the shortage of almost everything. How to employ the demobilized young men, what to give to the refugees, invalids, to the old people? Where could we get money to buy the indispensable medical supplies? You cannot realize how many people, especially children and the elderly, died in our republic as a consequence of sanctions, especially when we were expelled together with the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia from the World Health Organization [in 1993].

The next day, we went to the modest one-story government building in the center of Pale. There I received a phone call from the dean of the new medical school at Srbinje (previously Foča). It was Professor B. Starović, the famous plastic surgeon who used to live in Sarajevo before the war. I promised him a few lectures for his medical students the next spring. In the courtyard we met Mr. V. Vučurević, the living legend of Herzegovina, where he successfully defended his town Trebinje against Croat aggression.

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A member of the Parliament of Republika Srpska invited us to a café just opposite the government building. He was from Doboj, from the purely Serbian Ozren hills range. The Dayton dictate gave half of it to the Muslim-Croat federation. The town of Doboj, severely damaged by Muslim and Croat artillery, was overflowing with refugees from Ozren. The Bosnian Serbs do not like the troops of the French Foreign Legion, who engaged in black marketeering, the smuggling of arms to Muslims, and the illegal transferring of Mujaheddin and Turkish officers through the Serbian lines. They respect the Spanish soldiers.

Luka Popović explained how the Muslims cheated during the last elections in Bosnia and Herzegovina. From the registered Muslim voters, just 103 percent voted! And

> the American, Mr. Frawick, did not argue at all. If we [the Serbs] did it, he surely would declare the results invalid. When we voted for our president, Mrs. B. Plavšić got 59 percent of the votes, the Muslim candidate, A. Djozic from the Izetbegović SDA party, got 17 percent. In our Serbian parliament, a sixth would be represented by Muslims. In the Muslim-Croat federation, no Serbian candidate achieved anything similar, no Serbian political party was there. . . . The officials from Sarajevo are trying hard to prove the existence of the nonexistent 'Bosnian language.' It is really funny, because it is just the Serbo-Croat language, with a few Turkish, Arabic, and Persian, often quite garbled words added, to prove the 500 years of Turkish reign.

The most popular personalities of the Republika Srpska are still Dr. Radovan Karadžić and General Ratko Mladić, symbols of the Serbian fight for survival. We met many people, and almost all of them had the same opinion. The War Crimes Tribunal at The Hague is considered a political affair, an extended arm of American interests, supported by a totally one-sided database of the Tribunal. Most of the documents about the crimes against Serbs in Croatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina were repeatedly "lost" on their way to The Hague Tribunal. Such a Tribunal cannot be fair. The unlawful detention of two high-ranking Serbian officers, released after many weeks, proved it. One of them, General Djukić, died of cancer a few days later. When in jail, he was without any proper medical treatment.

People find the Tribunal similar to the monstrous trials during Stalin's era. Mr. Goldstone is seen as similar to the Soviet prosecutor general, A. Vyshinski, who "according to law and justice" sent thousands to death. Fighting, destruction, and deaths are the consequences of this civil-ethnic-religious war, where nobody is innocent. Why did The Hague Tribunal not indict Mr. Izetbegović, who did not hesitate to kill his own people in three staged explosions in Sarajevo, whose men killed thousands of Serbian civilians all over Bosnia, all around Srebrenica? Mr. Tudjman's armies exterminated thousands of Serbian civilians in Krajina, in western Bosnia and Herzegovina; they repeatedly overran the U.N.-protected UNPA zones and expelled 200,000 Serbs from Krajina—and nobody indicted him. During the war almost one million Serbs were expelled from their homes—who did it? Whose money destroyed the multiethnic Yugoslavia? Many Western diplomats (e.g., Albright, Holbrooke, Kornblum, etc.) practice the purest form of "gunboat diplomacy"; they are often arrogant when dealing with their opposite numbers from Republika Srpska.

"Welcome to Pale, to the Serbian Sarajevo!" Dr. Karadžić greeted us cordially during a private visit to his study, with a map of Yugoslavia behind the desk, along with two or three icons. Why, he asked,

> have we not the right of self-determination, so aggressively given to others? It is just unbelievable how the Western media portrayed us in their absolutely one-sided, biased approach—out of ignorance and for money. For this reason, we appreciate the courage of those who dared to tell the truth.

Dr. Karadžić is a well-known, prize-winning poet as well, and he gave us two autographed books of his poetry.

At Han Pijesak, deep in the woods, is the supreme command of the army of Republika Srpska. General Milan Gvero, General Mladić's deputy, welcomed us cordially. During our discussion with the general and his staff officers, coffee and plum brandy (*slivovica*) were served. Americans, he explained,

> have over Bosnia and Herzegovina two spy satellites continuously—they "see" even the license plates of cars. During the four years of flight controls, the NATO planes carried out more than 100,000 flights and supplied all the information to the Muslim and Croat military. Nevertheless, our resourceful men managed to outwit them repeatedly. . . .
>
> There is one fact that I must stress to you. Do you remember the massacre at Markale II on August 28, 1995? It was staged by the men of Izetbegović. Our intelligence had reported two days before that explosion that something terrible was going to happen in Sarajevo. And within two days the trigger-happy Americans and their NATO servants started their attacks on our military and civilian targets. They must have known that all that was just a provocation, but still they used it as a pretext to attack us, in collaboration with the ground forces of Croats and Muslims. The anti-Serbian disinformation made monsters out of us again, and changed the course of war. NATO became a direct ally of Muslims and Croats—and the mighty America started a cowardly full-blown war against a handful of Bosnian Serbs.
>
> The Americans are bringing huge quantities of sophisticated new weapons into Bosnia and Herzegovina, and they are training both the Muslim and Croat troops. Isn't a new war being prepared? Retired elite American Army generals play the role of mercenaries. . . . It is not the way peacemakers behave. Why must we and our civilians keep the war industry in full swing?

I remembered again the soft-spoken voice of his Beatitude the patriarch: "I experience the suffering not only of our Serbian people, but of our Muslim and Croat brothers as well."

Rajko Doleček is a professor of medicine at the University of Ostrava in the Czech Republic.

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POLITICS

David Horowitz and the Ex-Communist Confessional

by Justin Raimondo

The literature of recanting radicals has been with us since 1917: from the recollections of Russian Mensheviks, who rued the day they joined with Lenin, to Irving Kristol's "Memoirs of a Trotskyist," in which the neoconservative godfather fondly reminisces about his youthful dalliance with dissident communism. With each successive atrocity and betrayal—Kronstadt, the Moscow Trials, the Hitler-Stalin Pact, Khrushchev's admission of Stalin's crimes—library shelves grew heavier with the weight of accumulated *mea culpás*. At the height of the Cold War, a new subgenre grew up around the sensational revelations of ex-communists detailed in dozens of books, the most famous being Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*. This overpraised and overwrought work inspired many imitators, whose works became a staple of the anti-communist arsenal. With their lurid tales of a secret subworld of subversion, a hidden labyrinth of evil beneath the placid streets of postwar America, they thrilled their readers with a delicious fear.

The implosion of communism meant the end of the Cold War on the literary front. As the Berlin Wall was leveled and Lenin's heirs were deposed, an entire literary genre was wiped out, along with the Soviet Empire. With the publication of David Horowitz's *Radical Son: A Generational Odyssey* (The Free Press, 1997), a memoir detailing the author's involvement with the Black Panthers and the New Left hothouse of Berkeley in the 60's, we are hearing the last echoes of the ex-radicals' self-abnegation.

The twin themes of recantation and retribution dominate these works, from the earliest—Benjamin Gitlow's *I Confess* (1940), *This is My Story*, by Louis Budenz (1947), Whittaker Chambers' *Witness* (1954), and several other works by lesser-known figures—to their 60's counterparts, Phillip Abbott Luce, author of *The New Left* (1966), and Horowitz. Like disappointed lovers, the authors of these works testify to the cruel seduction they were subjected to: all were innocent idealists led astray by temptation, but redeemed in the end. Budenz, like many of the ex-Stalinists, made a beeline for the Church; others, such as Jay Lovestone and Irving Brown, became right-wing Social Democrats and were instrumental in crafting the CIA's penetration of the European labor movement. In time, many—Chambers, Kristol, Luce, Horowitz—would join the conservative movement.

Taking Gitlow and Horowitz—the first, and, likely, the last—as examples, a biographical pattern begins to emerge: both were born into a family of Bolsheviks, New York Jewish immigrants who instilled their progeny with devotion to the God Who Had Not Yet Failed. Yet the biographical parallels also highlight their vivid contrasts in character, tone, and style. In *I Confess*, for instance, Gitlow recalls "the Socialist activities that emanated from our house"; his parents were active members of the Socialist Party. While acknowledging parental influence, he attributes his early conversion to socialism to a boyish spirit that was "thrilled at the stories of the underground movement, of the conspiring activities, how deeds of violence against the Tsarist oppressors were planned." Young Ben was particularly impressed by the story of "how they transmitted messages in code by a system of telegraphic knocks upon the wall." Gitlow's father and mother are briefly and respectfully portrayed in his book as poor but noble immigrants imbued with a passionate sense of justice. Although he is recanting a creed learned at their knee, there is nary a word of criticism of them. Nor does Gitlow attribute his subsequent career solely or even primarily to parental influence: in describing the series of events that led to his recruitment, he makes it clear that he *chose* his own destiny.

Contrast this with the victimological whining of Horowitz: "What was my own choice? In the beginning, I hardly had one. I understood early that my parents' political religion was really the center of their moral life. This meant . . . that the condition of their parental love was that I embrace their political faith." It would never have occurred to Gitlow to blame his father and mother for his political mistakes, but the Oprahization of American culture makes it possible for Horowitz to demonize his parents. While he prefaces each denunciation of their actions with a protestation of his undying love, he spares them nothing. These "permanent conspirators in a revolutionary drama" are described as virtual pod people, their true selves deeply embedded in an underground world of subversion. "Their real politics," he writes, "were conducted far from view, in the neighborhood cell meetings of the Communist Party. It was to this subterranean activity" that they owed their true allegiance. He likens them to "agents of a secret service" for whom "secrecy enveloped everything that was important to them." His father made cryptic references to "the Organization" and "the Party," but rarely said the C-word aloud.

Horowitz does not deny that people such as his parents were operating under the constant surveillance of government agencies, including the FBI and local police departments, and "the scent of inquisition was in the air. And yet," he writes, "what else could they have expected?" After all, they "wanted to overthrow existing institutions."

In other words, they deserved it. While this point may be arguable, it is unsettling and unseemly that their own son is the one to make it. While fingering ex-comrades and "naming names" was a major motivation of Gitlow, Budenz, et al., none ever went so far as to single out his own parents—at least, not until Horowitz.

Since the era of Gitlow, the stature of these recanters has slowly but surely

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degenerated, along with the level of the culture at large. Compared to Horowitz, Gitlow—the fanatic avenger and consummate opportunist—is a veritable giant. While Horowitz was always a peripheral figure on the left, with no status as an activist beyond the Berkeley scene, Gitlow was one of the founding leaders of the American Communist Party, whose defection was front-page news all across the world.

It was a startling turn for a man whose entire life had been spent in the service of the revolutionary socialist cause. In 1909, Gitlow joined the Socialist Party; in 1917, electrified by the Bolshevik coup in Russia, he became a leading figure in what was the nascent Communist Party of the United States. He was scooped up in the infamous Palmer Raids of 1919, and sent to Sing Sing prison. Upon his release, he went on to become a leader of the American (i.e., English-speaking) wing of the communists, which at that time was a definite minority. Along with Jack Reed—dashing author of *Ten Days That Shook the World* and subject of an adoring movie, *Reds*—Gitlow led the fight to "Americanize" what was essentially a party of immigrants. As a top leader and organizer of the CP, Gitlow eventually ran afoul of the Comintern when his patron, party leader Jay Lovestone, fell out of favor with the Kremlin. On a trip to Moscow to appeal to Stalin himself, Gitlow and his confreres stood up to the dictator on his own turf, at a famous meeting of the Comintern Praesidium. At considerable risk to his own life and liberty, he spoke in defiance of Stalin's order to turn the leadership of the American Communists over to a rival faction. In response, Uncle Joe himself stormed to the podium and denounced the American deviationist. "When you get back to the United States," he thundered, "only your wives and sweethearts will support you!"

Horowitz, on the other hand, is ambivalent about confronting the mini-Stalin of the Panther New Left milieu, Huey Newton, and he continually worried about the danger to his own safety. Typically, when he discovers that his Black Panther heroes are murderers and thugs, he blames other people: "Anger welled inside me. Why hadn't Noel said anything before? Why hadn't Charles? Or Troy? Why hadn't they warned me? The answer was clear: they did not want to be accused of betraying the Left." The Panthers had killed their accountant, Betty Van Patter, who had been recommended for the job by Horowitz himself, but he confesses that he "was now ruled by the principle of silence." Although Horowitz knew who had killed Van Patter, and why, it took him years to go public—and he never really does come clean. For nowhere does he directly acknowledge his own complicity in her death, even though it was he who recruited her for the position that was to prove her undoing. He claims that he and other New Left activists were "blind" to the fact that the Panthers were, as Dick Gregory put it, "a bunch of thugs." But this is not very credible: What else is one to think of a group that walks into a session of the California State Assembly armed with rifles and dressed in paramilitary uniforms? Huey Newton urged his followers to "pick up the gun." What else did Horowitz and friends expect but that, one day, they *would* pick it up—and use it?

Unlike Gitlow, Chambers, et al., Horowitz was not an activist but a self-styled theoretician, a literary type who held a key post as an editor of *Ramparts* but who deliberately avoided any organizational loyalties except in running the "Learning Center" for the Oakland branch of the Black Panthers. In spite of his best effort to inflate his own importance to the growth of the New Left movement, Horowitz never exercised any appreciable influence over its activities or direction. When Gitlow was expelled from the Communist Party in the 1930's, along with Jay Lovestone, they took several hundred members with them; when Horowitz, the great New Left guru, announced his support for Ronald Reagan, he took exactly one of his ex-comrades with him: his longtime friend and literary collaborator Peter Collier.

One striking difference between the ex-commie confessionals of yesteryear and Horowitz's tome is stylistic; while Gitlow is concerned with exposing the inner workings of the communist movement, its front groups, strategies, and subterfuges, Horowitz is mainly interested in self-revelation. We learn everything we never needed to know about the messy little ups and downs of his personal life: an affair with a "psychic healer" who "heals" him out of his marriage; his relationship with a crack-addicted drifter who left him suddenly after draining him of considerable sums of money; an affair with Abbie Rockefeller. Particularly maddening is the fact that the author, in detailing this Bacchanalia, keeps asserting his growing disenchantment with the countercultural values and lifestyle of his generation.

This genre has never been bereft of sex; the focus of previous memoirists, however, was not on the sexuality of the author but on the licentiousness of his ex-comrades. In *The Whole of Their Lives* (1948), Gitlow charged that "in New York and in other communist centers, the youth had built up a communist Sodom and Gomorrah." Describing a commie orgy with some degree of realism, Gitlow argued that promiscuity aided in "the deadening of the mind with communist ideology." Whatever the merits of the argument that young commies would be too tired from these gymnastics to resist indoctrination, at least Gitlow bothered to make a political argument. Horowitz, on the other hand, in detailing his *own* psychosexual peccadilloes at such length—while all the time proclaiming his growing devotion to conservative family values—succeeds only in proving his own hypocrisy.

Reflecting the self-absorption so typical of his generation, *Radical Son* chronicles Horowitz's every mood swing in excruciating detail. To relieve the tedium, the author recalls his brushes with the glitterati: how he hung out with some Kennedy kids as they snorted coke and mingled with the Hollywood crowd, dropping plenty of names along the way. But the star of this show is the author. In a prologue that reads like a marketing strategy, the tirelessly self-promoting Horowitz declares, "I was like Whittaker Chambers in their generation—a young man, inspired by the high-minded pas-

LIBERAL ARTS

THE LEOPARD AND HIS SPOTS

"Two prison inmates driving in a state-owned van were arrested for allegedly soliciting a prostitute, police said. Both inmates had work-release privileges, which allowed them to be in public. . . . The men, ages 37 and 41, are inmates at the St. John's Correctional Center on Milwaukee's east side. They were on their way to a job-placement interview with a temporary-help agency."

—*from the* Beloit Daily News, *March 28*

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sions of the Left who had broken through to the dark underside of the radical cause. Like Chambers, I had encounters with totalitarian forces that involved betrayal and death. Like him, I had been demonized for my second thoughts. . . . Like Chambers, I had become the most hated ex-radical of my generation."

Here is a narcissism so inflated that it explodes in a burst of pure absurdity: Picture Chambers, defying the establishment, taking on a man like Hiss, and standing up to the power of the Soviet Empire. Now look at Horowitz: he swims with the tide, not against it, and breathlessly announces, at this late date, that socialism is evil and the Black Panthers were not Boy Scouts. As for comparing the resources and power of the Soviet Union to what is little more than a street gang, Newton was no Stalin, but an ordinary street thug. Horowitz is no Chambers, nor even a Gitlow or a Budenz, but an ordinary disillusioned liberal with nothing of interest to reveal but his own self-obsession.

While Chambers held his audience spellbound with tales of secret papers in the pumpkin patch, and Gitlow mapped the route by which Moscow's gold flowed into communist coffers, all Horowitz has to offer is a couple of friendly dinners with an unnamed Soviet official. These discussions were always held at the best restaurants, and on such occasions Horowitz claims to have argued against Soviet repression; until, one night, as they were walking in the street, the official "stuffed a thick white envelope into my left pocket." Horowitz says he "knew instinctively what was in the envelope," but claims to have been "so frightened that I didn't dare remove it until I reached home. Without taking off my coat, I went into the bedroom and closed the door, laying the envelope on the bed. Inside were 150 one-dollar bills."

Although he says he returned the money "at our next meeting," a question arises: Why did he open the envelope? If he "instinctively" knew it was money, then he must have wanted to know *how much*. His KGB contact had done this before: all those one-dollar bills stuffed into an envelope made it *look* as if it might be a considerable sum. Clearly, the temptation to open it was too much. Horowitz claims to have been "enraged" by this incident, but this was clearly a delayed reaction. Whether he actually considered the offer, if only long enough to be disappointed (and perhaps "enraged") at the paucity of the bribe, is unknown; perhaps the author will enlighten us in *Radical Son, Volume II*.

The autobiographical literature of ex-communists is permeated by a single emotion: hatred, not only of their old political idols (Stalin, Huey Newton), but of old friends who cross the street at their approach. Horowitz describes running into an old friend in Berkeley. After being "warmly greeted" by Horowitz, she says, "You know, David, people really hate you." As Horowitz said of the persecution of his own parents: What else did he expect? *No one* likes an informer, not even those who benefit from the information he provides.

As a literary subgenre, the ex-communist confessional reached its height with Koestler, and it has been downhill ever since. By the time the 1960's rolled around, the communist ideal was so tarnished that no one with any sensitivity or intelligence was being taken in any longer. The defectors from the movement who bothered to detail their experiences were of a decidedly lower order, and the genre inevitably degenerated: *Radical Son* is not only likely to be the last, but also the low point of the lot.

Yet, among the Washington-New York conservative cognoscenti, this book was touted so loudly and insistently that the din was deafening. Bill Bennett sang its praises. George Gilder effused that Horowitz had written "the first great American autobiography of his generation." P.J. O'Rourke, that master of unintentional humor, declared: "I think the last political book that affected me this strongly was Hayek's *Road to Serfdom*"!

Horowitz and Collier have managed to stay on the cutting edge of political fashion since the early 60's; when it was chic to shout "Free Bobby—Off the pig!" they shouted the loudest. When the political winds shifted, this fearless duo was one step ahead of the crowd. When the pendulum swings leftward again, and "extremism" on the right comes under fire, what is to prevent these Second Thoughters from having *Third* Thoughts? You can almost count on it.

Justin Raimondo is a senior fellow at the Center for Libertarian Studies and the author of Reclaiming the American Right: The Lost Legacy of the Conservative Movement.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

New Cops on the Block

by Scott P. Richert

"Well," said Sam Donaldson on "This Week With David Brinkley" last February 23, "how many foreign languages *do* you speak?" "Five," replied the new U.S. Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright. "Well, four; depends on whether you count English as a foreign language. I guess it is to me."

We all know that Madeleine Albright is a naturalized citizen, born in Czechoslovakia, and that her first language was either Czech or German, but certainly not English. For the third time in a mere quarter of a century, a President of the United States has turned to a naturalized citizen to determine the course of our foreign affairs, but despite their heavy accents and frequent abuse of the English language, I doubt that either Henry Kissinger or Zbigniew Brzezinski would have referred almost instinctively to English as a foreign language.

To Mrs. Albright, however, the language of the United States remains a foreign tongue. This episode could serve as an allegory for the entire defense team that Clinton has chosen for his second term. Strangers in a strange land, they are the "new cops on the block," ready to prove their worth by any means necessary.

Senator William Cohen, the new Secretary of Defense, never served in the military, but the *New York Times* has uncovered his secret qualification for the job: according to an article from January 23, he has a "taste for leather bomber jackets when visiting military bases."

During his confirmation hearing in January, Cohen made much of his policy disagreements with the administration, singling out American intervention in the Balkans as an example. But his disagreements followed the conventional GOP line: he never criticized the President for intervening, nor for any of the American bombings. The GOP leadership has consistently been more hawkish than the President, calling for interven-

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tion earlier and on a larger scale. After the United States did step in, GOP criticism was confined to faulting the administration for not establishing an "exit strategy" for American troops, and it was that line that Cohen followed when he stated at his confirmation hearings that, with him at the helm of the Defense Department, the United States would not "make an unlimited commitment to that region."

Now that he's been confirmed, he might want to check with his partners on the beat before he repeats that promise. While Madeleine Albright seems willing to intervene anywhere she can get away with it, she seems to have a special fondness for (or a pathological obsession with) the Balkans. Of course, even if it wasn't spelled out when he was offered the job, Cohen knows full well what the administration expects from him, and in the fall of 1998, when American troops are supposed to leave the Balkans, he'll blithely explain to Congress and the country why he was wrong and Clinton and Albright are right. He has already proved his willingness to play the token Republican, providing cover while the President calls for bipartisanship (read, "one-party-ship") and proclaims that some of his best friends are Republicans.

But while Cohen may have been picked in part for his eventual usefulness on the Balkans, on one important issue—the use of the military as a laboratory for social reconstruction—he's clearly in line with Bill Clinton. He supports the "Don't ask, don't tell" policy on homosexuals in the military. He believes in the complete integration of women into the Armed Forces, even in combat situations. And just in case such integration leads to another "Love Boat," such as the Navy ship in the Persian Gulf on which ten percent of the female sailors mysteriously became pregnant, he supports performing abortions in military facilities, at taxpayer expense.

Unlike Cohen, Anthony Lake, Clinton's first choice for director of the CIA, has been around the block a time or two. His career in public service began when he arrived in Saigon with the Foreign Service in 1963 as an aide to Henry Cabot Lodge, at the very time Lodge was conspiring with the CIA to arrange the assassination of our ally, Diem. During Clinton's first term, Lake served as National Security Advisor, a post that his deputy, Samuel Berger, has inherited. He is the person most responsible for the administration's cover-up of its Iran-Bosnia policy, and Lake admitted lying to both Congress and the CIA about the efforts to arm the Bosnian Muslims. While that admission should have been enough to prevent him from becoming CIA director, it was ultimately his involvement in the White House's Chinese fundraising scandal that forced him to withdraw his nomination. But his legacy will live on. At Lake's urging, President Clinton has nominated George Tenet, the acting director of the CIA, as the permanent director of the agency. Tenet served as Lake's aide for intelligence matters at the National Security Council from 1993 until 1995. With Tenet at CIA and Berger at NSC, Lake's protégés will control most of the country's intelligence resources.

But if William Cohen is the willing dupe, set up to take the fall, and Lake's protégés will provide the "noble lie" on which to found the Clinton administration's version of the "New World Order," it's clear that the new Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright, will be the one to wield the nightstick. Bill Clinton likes his women to be men, and in Mrs. Albright, he's found someone who can outmatch both Hillary and Janet Reno. When the First Lady rhapsodizes about the welfare of children, she exhibits some feminine and maternal feeling (albeit severely misplaced), but Secretary Albright is too tough for that.

When the butcher of Mount Carmel sent 82 people—18 of them children under the age of 10—to their deaths, she claimed that she did it to protect those very children from child abuse, a fate apparently worse than death itself. By contrast, Mrs. Albright, when asked on *60 Minutes* (May 12, 1996) about the deaths of a half-million Iraqi children resulting from American sanctions after the Gulf War, exhibited no compunction: "I think this is a very hard choice, but the price, we think, is worth it."

It is that attitude which led Owen Harries, the editor of *The National Interest*, to declare in a *New York Times* editorial that Albright, "More than any other leading foreign policy player since the end of the cold war . . . epitomizes a belief in the virtue of uninhibited American interventionism." And it's that attitude which provoked her infamous confrontation with Colin Powell, when he was Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in which she demanded to know, "What's the point of having this superb military that you're always talking about if we can't use it?"

While Harries took her question to mean that Albright doesn't understand the concept of military deterrence, there's a more fundamental problem. American troops have been deployed—just in this decade—in Kuwait, Iraq, Somalia, Haiti, Bosnia, Macedonia, the straits of Taiwan, Rwanda, and Zaire—to say nothing of our continued military presence in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Okinawa, along the border of a divided Korea, and in the *middle* of a united Germany. But for Secretary Albright, this is not enough. What, then, would constitute a reasonable level of use? Though we may shudder at the thought of Madeleine Albright as Secretary of State, perhaps we should offer a prayer of gratitude that Bill Clinton didn't tap *her* as Secretary of Defense.

By now, everyone—even Albright herself—knows that the mayor of Letohrad, her hometown in Czechoslovakia, sent her a message, through diplomatic channels, in February 1994, informing her of her family's background and of the fact that her grandparents had died in Nazi concentration camps. In case that message somehow slipped past her, however, Christopher Hitchens, in a column entitled "Not a Jew—Just Jewish . . . " in the March 3 issue of the *Nation*, establishes that December 5—the day Albright was nominated as Secretary of State—"is the very latest possible date on which she could have learned of her family heritage." He recounts a telephone conversation that he had that week with Michael Zantovsky, the retiring ambassador of the Czech Republic:

> **Hitchens**: "Let me quickly ask you an odd question. Is Madeleine Albright Jewish?"
>
> **Zantovsky**: "Yes, she certainly is. Her father was a Czechoslovak diplomat in Belgrade just before the last war, and we've looked up the cables between him and the Foreign Ministry. There were some nasty people who wanted to make an issue of him being a Jew. It was around the time of Munich. Anyway, we've made a present of these cables to Madeleine."

The American media gushed over the wrenching human drama of Albright "discovering" her Jewish roots, but out of

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either stupidity or collusion, they've overlooked strong evidence, hidden in plain sight, that both Albright and the administration knew the truth. A series of White House press releases concerning Albright, all of which can be found on the official White House Web site, tells the story.

From the time of Albright's appointment as ambassador to the U.N., through December 5, 1996, when she was appointed Secretary of State, the White House press releases mention that her family fled from "Hitler" or "Nazi aggression." (Sometimes, though not always, they also state that her family fled from "Stalin.") The press releases also say that her family came to America to find, not just freedom, but "tolerance."

Consider now the press release on Albright's swearing-in as Secretary of State on January 23, 1997. Introducing Albright, President Clinton blandly referred to her as "a refugee from tyranny and oppression," and Albright simply said that "my life reflects the turbulence of Europe in the middle of this century." Undoubtedly, this rhetorical shift had nothing to do with the fact that, by January 23, the truth about Albright's ancestry had become widely known. After all, we all know that a democratically elected government would never try to mislead its citizens.

Of course, Secretary Albright's ethnicity should have had no bearing on her confirmation hearings, nor should it affect her ability to perform her duties as Secretary of State. But in light of Albright's (almost certainly) deliberate deception about her past, it is ironic that she demanded in February that the reporting on government-run television in Serbia become "more objective."

While President Milošević was clearly using the state-run stations for propaganda purposes, who are we to talk? The supposedly free media in the United States have spouted the Clinton administration's propaganda about the Balkans as faithfully as they did the Bush administration's propaganda about the Gulf War. Apparently, to paraphrase Mrs. Albright's statement on "war crimes," "the U.S. Government does not believe that because some propaganda may go unexposed, all must." The determination of which propaganda is acceptable, like the determination of which "war crimes" will be punished, is left to the American government, and to Mrs. Albright.

But even Mrs. Albright, normally a persuasive speaker, can't bring herself to lie convincingly when discussing the Markale marketplace massacre of February 1994: "It's very hard to believe any country would do this to their own people, and therefore, although we do not exactly know what the facts are, it would seem to us that the Serbs are the ones that probably have a great deal of responsibility." ("Senior official admits to secret U.N. report on the Sarajevo massacre," *Deutsch Presse-Agentur*, June 6, 1996). Of course, her remarks were only reported overseas, and for most American journalists anything that's not reported in English never occurred. If Albright can ensure that her tepid lies stay out of the American media, the administration's propaganda campaign will continue to succeed.

Albright's dedication to military intervention may be outweighed only by her zeal for "family planning" (or more properly, "family banning") as a tool of American foreign policy. It is appropriate, then, that her first public appearance on Capitol Hill as Secretary of State focused on contraceptive imperialism, and that her first trip abroad ended in Beijing, site of the infamous United Nations' Fourth World Conference on Women, and home to the world's most enlightened regime on matters of family planning. In her appearance on Capitol Hill, Albright argued that the United States could demonstrate its "world leadership" by leading the contraceptive charge. "One of the most important ways we contribute to sustainable development is through our support for international family planning. . . . Moreover, our voluntary family-planning programs serve our broader interests by elevating the status of women, reducing the flow of refugees, protecting the environment and promoting economic growth." Perhaps Secretary Albright can combine her two passions by using our under-utilized military (under U.N. command, of course) to "elevat[e] the status of women" by forcing them to abort their children, have their tubes tied, or submit to IUD insertion. After all, what more noble cause could a refugee from the Nazis take up than the protection of America from the dark, unwashed hordes of the Third World?

Lest anyone think that the preceding remarks are in jest, consider this: from the American perspective, there would be no "Serbian problem" in the Balkans if there were no Serbs. Bombing can be rather expensive; combat on the ground can get too involved, and may provoke a backlash at home; and U.N. concentration camps are too bold a move—at least for now. But if the new cops on the block thought that a combination of force and persuasion could convince the Serbs to commit ethnic suicide through pills and IUDs, does anyone really believe that they would not try?

The new cops on the block are walking their beat now, but it would be a mistake for Americans to expect them to protect our interests, and an even greater mistake for those in other countries to expect them to act with justice. The new Clinton defense team has no desire to act like good cops should—upholding the law so that freedom may flourish. They're not even willing to act like cops on the take, for that means submitting their will to someone else's. No, these new cops on the block are the international arm of the domestic phenomenon that Samuel Francis has called "anarchotyranny." Loyal to nothing and to no one—not to their ethnic background, their political party, certainly not to the Constitution they have sworn to uphold and defend—they are motivated by a raw will to power. And like their soulmates in the FBI and the BATF, there will be no stopping them when they decide to break down a few doors and to bust a few heads.

Scott P. Richert is the assistant editor of The Family in America, *a publication of The Rockford Institute. A shorter version of this article was delivered as a speech at a Chicago conference in March on "America's Intervention in the Balkans," hosted by* Chronicles *and The Lord Byron Foundation for Balkan Studies.*

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MEDIA

Bad News

by Janet Scott Barlow

Oh, the tedium. We are confronted, yet again, with the spectacle of the establishment media suffering one of their spasms of professional angst, as they ask each other, with fake drama, what their audience, in genuine anger, frequently asks them: Why do you get so much so wrong so often? For those who have witnessed previous media exhibitions in which self-absorption is paraded as self-analysis, the climax of this current thrash-about is easy to predict: a two-hour PBS roundtable and a one-hour *Nightline* special during which the most elite members of the elite media conclude, with the preening modesty that's all their own, that while they "aren't perfect," they do, no kidding, have a really tough job, and when all is said and done, well, heck, they're pretty darn good at it. Then, with a collective sigh of relief (another bullet dodged!) and backslaps all around (who says we're not tough on ourselves?), they will rest assured that the nasty episode has passed.

The latest outbreak of journalistic anxiety was generated by the combined effect of two events: media performance during the investigation of Richard Jewell, one-time suspect in the Olympic Park bombing in Atlanta, and media response to Paula Jones's charge of sexual harassment against President Clinton. In their initial coverage of both stories, mainstream journalists accepted conventional wisdom (which they also helped create), failed to challenge assumptions, and were guided by their own predispositions. That is, they ignored the most rudimentary elements of journalism. In the Jewell case, they presented an example of herd mentality at its breathless worst. With Paula Jones, journalists went a step further, participating without question in a campaign orchestrated by the White House to smear Jones's name and reputation.

The media's take on both stories proved spectacularly wrong. But more interesting than the fact of negligence was the journalistic response to the consequences of negligence. There was no evident sense of guilt at having participated in heaping pointless pain on two human beings. There was instead a feeling of professional embarrassment at having blown it. The media weren't ashamed because they were wrong; they were chagrined because they weren't right. As usual, they seemed to equate the absence of error with the presence of ethics.

But as they were digging in on one issue (there is no wrong, there is only inaccuracy), establishment newspeople were, in their typically contradictory fashion, yielding ground on another. Without conceding guilt (which would have suggested that they, like everyone else, were subject to moral scrutiny), journalists did admit that their coverage of the Jewell and Jones stories—and by implication, many others—had been distorted by their own elitism, class prejudice, and political bias. The public admission of their presuppositions so unhinged big-time journalists that they lurched into a parody of self-explanation that only made things worse. They were like the bumbling sexist who tries to make amends by declaring, "Honest, cupcake, I never meant to offend you."

In November 1996, *Time* magazine ran a lengthy piece about Richard Jewell, titled "The Strange Saga of Richard Jewell," even though there was nothing strange about his story and it wasn't remotely a saga. The author of the article, James Collins, set the tone with his first sentence. Jewell, he wrote, "seems like the most hapless individual you could find" for a contest against the FBI and the media. Collins continued: "An overweight, single man in his 30's, [Jewell] hasn't amounted to much in life. He belongs to the one demographic group—working-class, Southern white males—about whom society still seems to allow slurs, like 'bubbas.' He also seems to be one of those ineffectual men who take things too far when they are given a little power."

Perhaps a slur is in the mind of the beholder, but it does seem that being called "bubba" is a picnic compared to hearing yourself described as a hapless, ineffectual, overweight man who hasn't amounted to much in life. On the other hand, Mr. Collins himself appeared to define bubba precisely as: "a hapless, ineffectual, overweight man who hasn't amounted to much in life." In the space of a single paragraph, James Collins was in over his head. He was just getting started, however, and moved on to note that regular-guy heroes are played in the movies by the likes of Gary Cooper, while Richard Jewell "seems to be a pudgy version of Barney Fife." The image of Barney Fife was Mr. Collins's pop-culture shorthand for those readers unable to understand words like hapless and ineffectual. The reference also gave Collins one more shot at Richard Jewell's weight.

Having now done everything but call the subject of his article a stupid slob, James Collins pushed on, writing that the gist of the whole story was how the combined force of federal law enforcement and the national media bore down on "one very ordinary man," Richard Jewell. And with that, Collins walked into the trap he had set for himself in his first paragraph. He was categorizing the hapless, ineffectual, overweight fellow who hasn't amounted to much in life: an ordinary man. Collins was clueless to the fact that his choice of adjectives had exposed his opinion of the ordinary man as a loser; and he was oblivious to the enormity of this insult. But so what? He could take high-minded pride in his refusal to allow "bubba" to escape his lips.

Ensnared by his own class bias and intellectual ineptitude, James Collins now flailed toward a conclusion, and it wasn't pretty. The "lesson" of the tale, according to Collins, was this: "Give the ordinary guy a ton of publicity—good or bad—and a couple of attorneys, and he can take on the world."

No, the lesson is that idiots can get hired at major newsweeklies. The fact is, of course, that Richard Jewell was not "given" a ton of publicity, he was subjected to it. (However, give does accurately reflect the media's appraisal of their product. Publicity is a gift, one of great value, one for which recipients should feel grateful.) Nor was Jewell "given" lawyers; he was forced by necessity to hire them. And he did not "take on the world"; he defended himself against (let's close the loop) a ton of publicity.

Richard Jewell is currently filing lawsuits and seeking vindication. He is doing this because he is innocent. That same fact, Jewell's innocence, has served to weaken the credibility of federal law enforcement and the press. To James Collins, it all added up to something unfair, in that Richard Jewell, even if innocent, was simply too banal a figure to

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score points against such estimable institutions as the media and the FBI. He wasn't worthy, you see. "You almost wish [Jewell would] quit now," Collins concluded. "Sign a lucrative book or movie contract and call it even. But it's only in films that adversity makes the ordinary man noble and merciful." In other words, Richard Jewell was not only a loser, he was an ingrate. After being wrongfully attacked by two of the most powerful institutions in the country, Jewell did not have the grace to be ennobled by his "adversity," or the generosity to react with mercy. What's more, he lacked the intelligence to understand that a pile of money makes things "even." How ordinary can you get?

Two weeks after *Time*'s Richard Jewell article, *Newsweek* weighed in on the Paula Jones case. The cover story was authored by Evan Thomas, a *Newsweek* honcho, who subsequently was hailed within his profession for his admission of elitism, having stated previously, on national television, that Paula Jones was "some sleazy woman with big hair coming out of the trailer parks." However, Mr. Thomas's *mea culpa* was slipped between parentheses near the end of his story, previous portions of which did indeed reveal his elitism, his confession notwithstanding, along with evidence that he was making little progress at putting said elitism behind him. From the many examples of Evan Thomas's continuing obtuseness, one will suffice. Thomas's question: "If Clinton did what Jones alleges [expose himself and ask for sex], how could he have been so reckless?" Thomas's answer: "At the time, [Clinton] could not have contemplated the price he would later pay."

Evan Thomas, meet James Collins. I hereby christen you the Ninny Twins. If Bill Clinton did what Paula Jones alleges, the question is not why he was reckless but why he behaved like a pig. And the issue is not the absence of political foresight, but the consideration of a personality so malformed that it allows its possessor to behave, well, like a pig. After that, the only remaining question is how and why Evan Thomas's judgment of unambiguously base human behavior became so screwed up and whether he has any idea when it might improve.

If an anonymous American—you know, an "ordinary man"—had done what Bill Clinton is accused of doing, would Evan Thomas, or anyone else, make the point that Mr. Ordinary "could not have contemplated the price he would later pay"? Would Thomas cooperate blindly in the calculated efforts of a powerful and nonobjective collective (like the White House staff) to brand the alleged victim a slut? And finally, under what other conditions would Evan Thomas allow himself to be brought in league with the likes of James Carville?

The attacks of James "Populist and Proud of It" Carville on a working-class Southern woman who had done him no personal harm were sickening in their malice and staggering in their hypocrisy. Like all things in any way connected to Bill Clinton, the attacks were a study in overkill. There is no area of public life in which either of the Clintons, or any of their minions, display the slightest grasp of the value of nuance. Even in the act of assault they reject the efficiency of the shiv in favor of the rawness of the meat ax. However (and not that it's any consolation), it is the sheer gaudiness of the onslaughts that often makes them backfire. To watch James Carville—a man whose very posture is gratuitous—yap with vicious abandon (which in him seems both practiced and organic, perhaps explaining why he appears insane) about female "trailer trash," and to watch him do it while professional feminists and other liberal defenders of the underdog either stood mute as stone or joined the chorus—well, it was the sort of flawless display of ideological fraudulence that is hard to ignore. Carville was so politically cynical, so intellectually vulgar, so personally mean that even some in-the-tank journalists seemed slightly squeamish at his performance.

And there things stood—the nervous newsies, the crazed Carville, the contemptuous Clintons—until the *American Lawyer* published an article by Stuart Taylor in which he accused the media, in the Jones case, of hypocrisy, class and political bias, and the application of a double standard. As coverage of Taylor's article increased, Carville shut up (all praise be to God), and the Clintons backed off. As for the establishment media, they were cornered and they confessed—but they never quite owned up. After decades of adamant denial, they said, "It's true; you caught us; we're snobs." Then they went on to other things, apparently believing that their admission, having been painful, was a solution.

Or maybe they were just hoping it was a solution because they sense the formidability of their predicament. If the symptoms of your problem are snobbery, narrow-mindedness, and preconception, by what means do you gain insight into the workings of your elitism, bias, and prejudice? And if your environment is full of people just like you, where do you look for a model or guide? It used to be that the media didn't know that they didn't know. Now they don't know what they don't know. Establishment journalists' proudest attribute, their professional skepticism, is regularly rendered inoperative by nothing more than a woman's big hair or a man's large waistline. That journalists are the last to acknowledge this leaves them without credibility as reporters of fact, and dangerous as judges of truth.

In the end, all of the journalistic

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breast-beating, self-examination, and tortured analysis lead to exactly . . . nothing. Things are so unchanged, in fact, that the major media are confounded and befuddled, virtually struck dumb by the simple idea that the ends do not justify the means. And as the major media finally begin to grasp, dimly, that the public is real serious about this ends/means business (no, you are not exempt because of your holy journalistic calling), journalists are again getting defensive and resentful and mightily impatient with their consumers' stupidity. So we are back where we started, and it is the logic of vanity that has brought us here: Why struggle with humility when it's so much more fun to be a know-it-all?

Today, the public character of elite journalists is marked by the temperament of movie stars, the double-talk of politicians, and the grandiosity of lawyers. Their primary function seems to be the contribution of themselves to the nation's stock of divas, weenies, and narcissists. And since they do all this while disdaining the ordinary American, one wonders how they will keep a straight face when, any day now, they begin pontificating on PBS about their "responsibility to the public." But maybe a dose of James Collins's realism is in order here. Perhaps it is only in films that adversity, or anything else, makes the ordinary journalist noble and merciful.

Janet Scott Barlow writes from Cincinnati.

PHILOSOPHY

Frederick Wilhelmsen, R.I.P.

by Thomas Molnar

Frederick Wilhelmsen (1923-1996) is still revered in Catholic circles of the Hispanic world, where he is praised as a friend and a scholar and a kind of honorary Spaniard, and to crown it all, an incarnation of Don Quixote. The latter title has been awarded to him in a noble sense: fighting impossible battles, following his own road, assuming that people are better than they appear. One of the times we met (1958) was in his temporary home while teaching in Spain. No question that it was his natural environment: Avila, a walled city of marvelous beauty which was in harmony with Fritz Wilhelmsen's own inner world. I understood why Avila was his chosen habitat: traces of St. Teresa, but also the good wine, the strong sun, the central stage of Castille, the heart of Spain.

It was not our first encounter. Three years before, we had met at the University of Santa Clara, in California. I was teaching at Sacred Heart in San Francisco. These were times just before the ingathering of conservatives around *National Review*, *Modern Age*, *Triumph*; controversy and reaction to liberalism were in the air; it was natural that Fritz and I should meet, and it may have been the idea of Mother Casey, who was my unforgettable dean at Lone Mountain. She knew that we were two nonconformist souls, somewhat lost on our respective campuses. Indeed, after half an hour we knew we thought alike on most essential issues. Soon after, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn came to lecture to Sacred Heart, and confided to me his secret hope concerning the imminent career of "four young men." They were Russell Kirk, Wilhelmsen, John Lukacs, and me. We were to have "outstanding careers," not in competition but under the common Catholic spiritual stimulus. Young Turks of sorts.

Wilhelmsen and I were to see each other a good number of times, especially considering our coeditorship of *Triumph*. The two of us formed at the Washington editorial meetings a kind of "radical" section. Example: before launching the journal (still under the name *Future*, agreed on in a nearby bar), Fritz and I favored a tough editorial policy, a demanding tone vis-à-vis the bishops. When I sent back from Brazil the text of my explosive interview with Dom Helder Camara, bishop of Recife/Olinda, Brent Bozell as boss decided against publishing it. Fritz and I voted for it.

Other meetings were occasioned by lectures and conferences, from Malibu to Philadelphia, where Fritz would warmly embrace me, rather like an accomplice, as if he and I possessed a special secret, not to be shared with others. Part of the secret was that our group of two represented the European branch of Catholic conservatism in America, although we diverged on several matters: Fritz "represented" Spain; I, France. He believed in the restoration of right-wing monarchy; I saw its futility. He believed in marches, uniforms, and other spectaculars; I favored the slow rhythm of intellectual advance.

These were, however, externals. More important was our moderate admiration for Eric Voegelin's magnum opus, pointing out (in *Modern Age*) its basic Hegelian derailment. Our articles (no conspiracy!) criticized this great thinker for not finding a sufficient ontology under the "symbolizations" of religious thought. I think Wilhelmsen, too, saw Voegelin as a German philosopher in the line of Mister Eckhart, not as a restorer of ontology. And we agreed that, whatever Voegelin's merits, he was by no means a "conservative." Not that this mattered with us; I do not reveal much of a secret if I confess that both Fritz and I became over the years "men of the right" rather than conservatives with the correct DNA. In fact, this may have been the "secret" that we harbored: our differently nuanced but firmly held conviction that conservatism was an ideology of the status quo, and, in the American context, too pragmatic and libertarian to fire the imagination. Hence Wilhelmsen's spiritual and aesthetic relocation.

Fritz was also called a man of the Renaissance, but I go one step further and see him as a late-Medieval man, trying to be a Thomist at the Medici court in Florence. I believe he would have loved that role: the surrounding beauty and the great intellectual adventure. It is an open question whether he would have chosen Savonarola as a "role model," something out of the question on an American campus. Hence his choice of Spain as a spiritual point of arrival. Hence also, not the Medici court, but severe and dry Castille, and not sensuous Michelangelo, but El Greco. And Don Quixote and Goya. Not a bad solution for Frederick Wilhelmsen's irrepressible romanticism, a romanticism tempered, however, by Thomist discipline. He may have wanted to rebuild Avila in Texas and combine McLuhan's technology with a new and lively Christendom. At times, unrealized dreams are the best a man can leave behind.

Thomas Molnar's Philosophical Grounds *was recently released by Transaction Publishers as* Archetypes of Thought.

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The Hundredth Meridian

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

The Wanderer

For three weeks the wind blew hard on the desert and the nights were very cold. The wind dropped, the days grew warmer, and the snow line retreated on the mountains. The winds came again and the red sand stiffened between the clumps of yellow grama grass before the gray clouds moved out, and then winter was over and it was starting to be spring in New Mexico. In the sand hills below the cliff front of the West Mesa at Bosque Ginny Hoyt and I sat our horses, looking across the Rio Grande valley to the Manzano Mountains. The horses were sweated under their winter coats and an excess of sunscreen ran into the corners of my eyes and stung there. Ginny rode a long red horse as maneuverable as a vintage Cadillac, and I was mounted on a sturdy white Arab named The Mouse who Ginny had warned me was quick. Hunting for rabbits, the dogs knocked pebbles down from the cliffs above and a light breeze hummed in the sage and rabbitbrush. South a mile from us were the barns and corrals, and the adobe house that Ginny had built after coming west from Brooklyn two years before.

"Why would you want to live in New York City when you can be out here looking at the Manzanos?" Ginny asked.

"I don't have any idea. If you do, don't tell anyone."

"Even now New Mexico has a population of 1.6 million. That's less than the population of Brooklyn."

"It's still too many people for a little state of only 120,000 square miles."

"Does it seem to you that our culture has totally lost contact with reality?"

The Mouse lifted all four feet from the ground suddenly and relocated himself several feet to the left of where we had been standing.

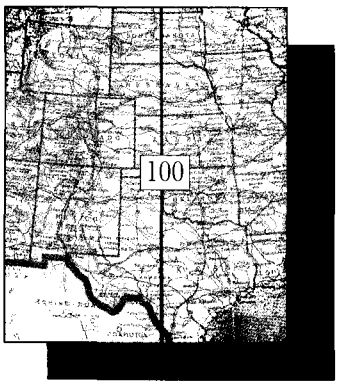
"*That's* what he does!" Ginny exclaimed.

"You took the words out of my mouth. Do you know what '*manzano*' is in English?"

"It means apple tree."

"Isn't it amazing how we're assimilating," I said.

We rode slowly back to the house, making plans as we went to meet in early June for a horse pack trip into the Gila wilderness in southwestern New Mexico. Ginny was leaving the next week to spend six weeks in Todos Santos on the Baja Peninsula, where she is building a house to be the center of a potters' community. She enters Mexico at the crossing at Nogales, ferries across the Sea of Cortez, and continues south on the road that has been made into a modern highway since the 1960's when Joseph Wood Krutch was exploring what was then a primitive region. Making a routine drug check, the *federales* are regularly dumbfounded by the load of potter's clay in the bed of her red Ford truck. I have never visited Baja, California. Instead I drove north the next morning to Taos, New Mexico.



Mabel Dodge McLuhan started it; she and her husband, the Indian chief. Talk about sleeping with the enemy. Today Taos, lying between the deep trench cut by the Rio Alto and the Sangre de Christo Mountains, is a dusty Spanish-Indian town with an arty and somewhat elegant Anglo culture superimposed on it. The telephone book lists Trujillos for several pages and the Indians from the adjacent Taos Pueblo are a visible presence among the tourists, spring break students, skiers, and art buyers you meet in the streets. In Taos—as elsewhere in New Mexico—sacredness is conferred on mountains, animals, and potter's clay. Artists especially are considered very sacred. In the Wade Gallery on North Pueblo I bought a fine oil painting by Chuck Waldman of Sonora, California: a medical doctor who paints in the time left over to him by a busy general practice. Unlike other of his paintings displayed, this scene of distant ranges viewed at sunset from a sagebrush hill is strongly impressionistic, hazy with spring and the gaseous sage and lit by an indefinable light source. I stayed on after making the purchase to talk with the director of the gallery, a blonde and lovely Virginian. People come to New Mexico from every place on earth, looking for the beauty, authenticity, and truth they believe no longer exists—if in fact it ever did exist—in their own cultures. And yet civilization is so simple a thing: a good book, a good cigar, a bottle of fine wine, a good painting, a beautiful woman, exquisitely dressed. If only because we carry our own, inherited civilizations with us wherever we go, we need to work out some sort of accommodation with them.

In Taos I visited a woman I had not seen for 18 years. Since our last meeting she had acquired a husband, a medical degree, and two small children. While Frank took Isabel and Philip to play in Kit Carson Park, Carol and I drove west across the mesa to Tres Piedras and up the winding road into the San Juan Mountains where we skied cross-country, through stands of pine and aspen and across open parks buried under several feet of snow. The skies whined on the granular snow which collapsed in places, bowing them in the wet deep holes. The snowfields reflected the heat of the late winter sun, and the aspen made a gold matting on the dark forests standing flat against the blue sky. We paused only to check the topographic map, and drink water from the poly bottles we carried with us in the packs.

"Your husband is a fine man."

"Frank's a gem, isn't he?"

"You're exactly the way you were 18 years ago. You haven't changed at all."

"You haven't changed either."

Later when our legs ached, "I'm getting old," Carol said.

"Don't say it. If you're old, I'm the Ancient Mariner."

She leaned out over her skiis to hug me. "Eight years made a lot of difference then. It doesn't make any difference at all now. Do we have enough light left to get out by?"

"I was thinking the same thing."

With the sun dropping behind the tree line, we skiied faster through the suddenly cold woods to the truck.

Leaving Taos the next morning I

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drove west on the same road, through Tres Piedras and over the San Juans, rolling and open to the sky, draining into a vast basin of broken forests and wide snowfields, cobalt and white in the springtime haze, the whole country running with the wet aliveness of spring. Water ran out from under the snowbanks beside the highway, and pastureland along the Chama River lay under several inches of water. In Chama, construction crews were building on to motels and repairing roads, readying the town for the coming tourist season. Proceeding west, I entered the Jicarilla Apache reservation, where eight years before Dwight Bridges and I had been temporarily imprisoned behind a gate padlocked after us by an Indian on horseback who gave us a hard look as we passed through. He was a very tall, very lean, very dark Indian, with a century of hate in his black eyes. When we returned on the same road an hour later we were compelled to take down a section of his fence to get the truck through. Having observed him make a mental note of the license number, we put the fence in place again afterward.

In this springtime world of perpetual motion, I wanted to stay in motion too. The aborigines of Australia are given to what they call walkabouts. You take off one day on a trek across the continent, and return when you have a mind to. Abos believe that the country, the landscape, exists first as a mental concept, requiring to be perceived by human beings and then sung: in this way only it is summoned into actual existence. "Singing up the country" they call it: a belief congruent with an idea of the aboriginal poet Thomas Fleming, who argues that a region or area acquires reality from being written about. The Old Ones are wise, listen to the Old Ones. Briefly I considered detouring to Chaco Canyon, over 100 miles to the southwest. The desert home of that long-abandoned city would be drying now under a climbing sun, the lingering snowdrifts shrinking slowly on the shadow side of the opposite cliffs and slumping behind the stony dormitories. The canyon itself is unspectacular, dry and dead-looking as the soul of a BLM man, a place to run cattle in. The ruins, though interesting, are not as impressive as the tourists—thirsty for mystery, romance, and deadness—claim to find them. Around the time the seed corn that produced the mummified little cobs that can still be found lying around Anasazi ruins today was being sown on the sandy canyon floor, Aquinas was writing the *Summa Theologica*; when these buildings of ungrouted sandstone rock were under construction, the Tower of London already stood. If anyone were seriously to propose housing homeless people or inner-city delinquents in these cramped and primitive quarters where sunworshippers once pranced and Kokopelli, the hunchbacked minstrel, fluted on the rocky heights, the entire complex would be torn down at once and replaced by an extensive parking lot, lovingly maintained *in perpetua* by the Park Service.

In Cortez, Colorado, I stopped to inquire about a place to board a horse overnight on my trip south to the Gila in June, and in the morning continued up to Moab, Utah, where they had a marathon in progress: sunscreened men with washboard abs, not all of them Adonises, and women of every age and shape flopping around inside their sport bras and shorts. Warning signs stood in the road going out of town and Moab's finest leaned against their parked cruisers to guard and cosset the runners, each and every one beloved by the Moab Chamber of Commerce and other sponsors of the event. I looked around for Ed Abbey's ghost and found him in the person of a particularly repellent-looking turkey buzzard, leering obscenely from a slickrock parapet above the highway.

The highway crossed over the Colorado River and climbed out of the bottom, past the entrance to Arches Natural Monument from which Ed's old ranger's trailer was long ago removed by relic seekers. I turned off at the sign to Dead Horse Point, followed the switchbacks up to the plateau, and threw up a tent in a grassy swale surrounded by rock and juniper trees, a mile from the blacktop. Mounds of pale Navajo sandstone like petrified puddings rose above the low forest stretching southeast to Dead Horse Point, the geographical focus of Abbey's finest essay where he recounts helping to find and remove the carcass of an ignorant unwary tourist in the 1960's. Why, Abbey wonders scornfully, did this man, knowing death to be inevitable, choose to embrace it in the form of a bloated leaking corpse, rather than launch himself from the cliff edge into the clean empyrean? Well, Ed, because it isn't the American way today. You knew that. Know that. Perhaps there will be more dead men at Dead Horse Point this season.

Gathering wood for a fire I overturned a stone slab and exposed a pygmy rattler enjoying his RIM sleep beneath it. Another hour or so and he would have wakened on his own to go in search of breakfast. He was a short fat snake, writhing desperately as he rolled from the sandstone cropping to the ground. I hazed him solicitously away from camp, and built a fire ring where the grass grew thinly. Hurrying to escape from Moab I had neglected to stop at the City Market to buy supper. There were granola bars, crackers, and a can of tuna fish in the daypack, and half a bottle of wine, water, and staling coffee grounds in the camp boxes. I built a fire and sat with my back against the rock, watching the early spring cumulus drift above the plateau toward the La Sal Mountains across the Colorado. The clouds were dark, edged with gold where they were backlit by the sinking sun. One, taller than the rest, was in the shape of a man, or god, black with woe and wisdom and bearing in his hand a vaporous spear, or staff. He came on as I watched, treading down the sky, passed overhead with a sudden rush of air and the sound of wind in the trees, and moved off toward the mountains: stately, unhurried but intent, as if he meant to spend the night there.

A journey is a fragment of Hell, the Muslims say. Arriving home, the wanderer has nowhere else to go. Home is the place where, when you go there, you're stuck. For a while, anyway. In Kemmerer, Wyoming, the following afternoon I found the house immobilized in drifts of snow, and a gray wind blowing.

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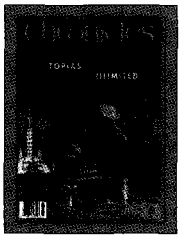

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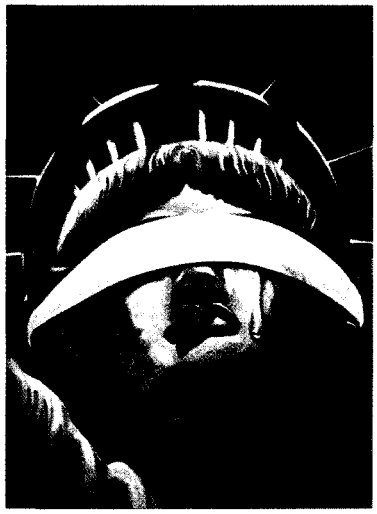

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